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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

On the following day we paid a visit to "Innisfallen's lovely isle," gave our tribute of admiration to the remains of its noble abbeys—spoke of the literary labors of its former occupants, their noble contribution to the chronicles of the nation,* and the treasures of ancient lore which for ages enriched the three abbeyes of Killarney, giving a name to the Lakes themselves,† and shedding a halo of supernatural glory even now over the natural beauties of that romantic region. Whilst we were admiring the effect of the luxuriant foliage which as it were drapes the ruins, and gives them a character of such peculiar grace, Maria slyly asked Arthur whether he had seen anything on his continental travels to exceed that. The poor fellow blushed deeply. He was already heartily ashamed of his former folly, and any allusion to it was by no means agreeable. For my part, I was sorry Maria put the question, but for herself its visible effect only made her laugh. With all her other good qualities, she was certainly, and at all times, deficient in that delicate tact which saves the feelings of others. As for Arthur he had only to make the best of it. Shaugh looked at him through his half-closed eye-lids, his parchment countenance puckered into a humorous grin, while the Mac Carthys listened with polite attention.

"Well! really," said Arthur, "I can't say I ever did see anything like it,"—he cast a reproachful look on his provoking partner, "there are not many Innisfallens to be met in foreign countries."

"Rather say none, my dear Mr. Dillon,—I have seen some of the finest—" Mr. McCarthy was here cut short by an exclamation from O'Shaughnessy, who had been amusing himself

* The well-known *Annals of Innisfallen*, one of the most authentic fragments of Irish history.

† Look-Linn, or the Lake of Learning, by which our fathers knew Killarney.

like a light-hearted old boy flinging pebbles into the still lake and watching the expanding circles they produced.

"Do you see that boat coming across from the Hotel?" Certainly we all saw the boat.

"Do you see the two stiff figures in Quaker hats sitting bolt upright in the stern?" We saw them too. "Well! I should'n't wonder if they were the Brothers Fitzmaurice—if it isn't them, I'll never hazard a guess on any given subject during my natural life."

"But, my dear sir, you don't mean the Fitzmaurices of Tralee, do you?" inquired Mr. McCarty,

"Who else? I should like to know where else you'd find a pair of brothers like that!—there now—look, Elinor, look—look, Mrs. Dillon! they have off their Quaker hats now to you ladies—didn't I tell you?—well! sure enough, that's lucky—we'll have some fun now, anyhow!" and the hilarious lawyer almost skipped for joy as he returned the salutation of the brothers—unmistakably our Tralee friends.

"Well! this is really an odd coincidence," said Ellen to me in a low voice, "everywhere we have gone this summer, we were sure to meet the Brothers Fitzmaurice. They are really a tiresome pair, and I must ask grandpapa to leave here to-morrow—just because they're come. How very provoking!"

"Why, what's the matter, my dear Ellen," I laughingly inquired; "have they been making love to my sweet friend?"

"Love!" she cravely replied, "why, if you knew them better you wouldn't ask the question—I do believe they make love to every unmarried woman they meet—either one or other of them as chance may be. I wish they would get married both of them, and then perhaps there might be an end of their flying over the country. I believe, Elinor, these two men are ubiquitous—I give you my word I do! They once appeared to us quite suddenly on the very summit of a wild mountain in Connemara, where we thought no more of meeting them than if they had been sunning themselves on the mountains of the Moon. Just look now—they're going to land—the tiresome creatures."

By this time I was laughing outright, and her grandfather evidently understood her feelings, and was rather amused by the strength of her antipathy to the inoffensive Brothers. "Ellen, my dear," said he, with his courtly smile, taking her hand as he spoke, "here are some old friends of ours—you will be delighted to see them, I am quite certain. What! you will not go to meet them?—well! you are a wayward girl," and he glanced at me. "I must 'e'en go alone to bid them welcome. You see we are at present in possession of the island—like Alexander Silkirk—monarchs of all we survey—it devolves on us to do the honors on behalf of the venerable religious whose home we have invaded—good morning, Messrs. Fitzmaurice!—I am rejoiced to see you again, although I did not expect that pleasure on the present occasion."

If he was pleased, the Brothers were doubly pleased to see the whole party—of course excepting Ellen and myself—Shaugh was in ecstasies. If truth must be told he had found exploring ruins rather dull work, little relieved, if any, by gliding over still waters, or bivouacking under forest trees amid the deep silence of the woods. Change of scene was to him the end and object of travel, and for anything else in the way of *sights* he had little relish, save and except an extra fine surloin of beef, or a juicy, well-cooked quarter of the delicious Kerry mutton, or a brace of lake wild-fowl or mountain-game—these, or such as these, with the addition of some long-preserved wine of a favorite vintage—he was rather a *connoisseur* in wines—were the sights that had power to stir the

blood within our old friend's heart, and make his small eyes twinkle with the cheerfulness of glee. Anything in the way of fun, too, or oddity of character, was always keenly relished and made the most of by him. The Fitzmaurices had afforded him rare pleasure in Dublin by the freshness of their quaint simplicity, and they came now "in the nick of time" when he was just getting tired of Killarney. Extra-hearty, then, was the shake-hands, and the "How d'ye do?" with which the worthy lawyer greeted the landing of each brother. The Dillons and myself, too, were tolerably sincere in our welcome, and the frank courtesy of old Denis McCarthy almost compensated for the visible coldness of his fair grand-daughter. So we were all in excellent humor—even Ellen was much too genial to let an idle whim throw a chill on the warm glow of the hour.

"But what brought you here at all?" cried Shaugh, "I mean, how did you know we were over here—lovely spot, isn't it?" looking round with anything but an admiring eye, "but a word in your ear—it's devilish lonesome. For your life don't tell these lovers of nature and of art—ha—ha—ha!—what I said, or they'd cut the acquaintance—they would—they'd vote me a bear or an orang-outang before ever I left the island! But how did you know we were here—or did you know it?"

To be sure, the Brothers Fitzmaurice did know it. They had seen our names in the Hotel books immediately on their arrival, so as soon as they swallowed their *quantum sufficit* of creature-comforts, vulgarly called breakfast, they got a boat and were rowed over in double quick time "to the isle of the blest."

These last words from Mr. John—who did not often venture on quotations—were pointed by a sliding bow to us ladies, in which courteous act he was ably and promptly assisted by his brother, Ellen, grossly-irreverent to the memory of poor Gerald Griffin, answered only by a very disdainful toss of her pretty head, while Maria and I bowed with what we intended for much graciousness.

As far as I myself was concerned, the arrival of the Fitzmaurices made little difference. It is true I was in no humor for quizzing at the time—the scene was far too purely beautiful, the place too sacred for trifling, but neither was I in a humor to be ruffled by anything, so I listened to the animated chit-chat going on among the Dillons, the Fitzmaurices and merry old Shaugh, with a sort of dreamy languor—a half-consciousness that was very soothing, while Mr. McCarthy and the Brothers were retracing some reminiscences of Connemara, humorous notes of travel, I was repeating to myself (and by this time we were leaving the island):

"Sweet Innisfallen! fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art let others tell—
To feel how fair shall long be mine.

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

"Twas sight, indeed, too blest for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Thro' crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there.

"No more unto thy shores to come,
But on the world's rude ocean toss'd,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost."

Many a time since then have I thought of that "fairy isle" and its air of unearthly peace, when the waves of trouble have surged and boiled around me, and I felt myself jostled out of the way by the busy, bustling, thriving world.

We had now seen most of what was to be seen, or at least what is usually seen by visitors at Killarney. Most of us had climbed the steep sides of Torc and Mangerton and were amply repaid for our toil and trouble by the magnificent prospect we enjoyed; we had heard the

* Moore's Irish Melodies.

traditional bugle of Killarney awake the wondrous echoes of the Eagle's Nest,

"When the notes of the bugle had wafted them o'er
From Dinla's green isle to Glena's wooded shore,"

and one and another began to think it time to return homeward. There was nothing now to be gained by delaying; and people at home would begin to look out for us. Great was the disappointment of Fitzmaurice Brothers when they found us about to start; why they had but just come, and here we were flying away. Couldn't we stay a day or two longer? They could show us many things we hadn't seen yet. But all in vain—Arthur said his father and mother would be growing anxious—Maria was dying to be at home again—Shaugh knew very well his business was going to the dogs for want of him (very flattering, thought I, to poor George Preston!) and myself had nothing to say—being merely a hanger-on to the party I had, of course, no voice in their deliberations. So, at least, I thought.

On the night before we left Killarney, I was honored with a formal proposal for my hand from Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Unfortunately for him (perhaps for myself in a worldly sense) my eyes were so darkened that I could not see those qualities in him which I would fain see in a husband, and I told him civilly that he must excuse me—I did not think I should ever marry, but even if I did, it would not be for some time—the troubles in my own family were too recent.

"Might he hope, then, that after a year or two—suppose he waited—"

"By no means, Mr. John Fitzmaurice—I wish to deal frankly with you—do not wait a single day on me, for though I esteem you highly, I can never think of you in the way you seem to desire. Do not wait I beg of you—I shall be most happy to receive wedding favors when I return to town if you can oblige me by sending them. And with a saucy nod—I feel now that it was both saucy and provoking—and an arch smile I escaped from the room leaving good Mr. John to digest his disappointment at leisure. How much he felt it at the time I really cannot say, but I should think it was not much, for in the morning he and his brother saw us off, both of them looking as well and quite as contented as usual.

While I think of it I may as well mention here that honest John took me at my word, or rather acted on my suggestion, for although the wedding-favors never came to hand, we actually saw, only a few weeks after, a flourishing account of his marriage in a provincial paper sent to me by post. Happy be his wedded life and smooth its course, for John Fitzmaurice was indeed a man "in whom there was no guile!" May his [yokefellow and he glide as peacefully and as inoffensively through life as his friends could wish or he desire. Whether Henry ever went and did likewise I am not prepared to state—I have a sort of notion that he did not. One—wife one housekeeper was quite enough for the two attached brothers, to whom, I am sure, the thoughts of separate dwellings would be something in the highest degree preposterous. So with Anastasia Burke for a third partner, it is, I think, morally certain that their moderate desires were fulfilled, especially if Anastasia—I'm almost sure they called her Anty—is anything of a "conversable woman" or talks in any degree "like a book."

Peace be with you, then, Fitzmaurice Brothers, best and kindest of Tralee merchants. When I now think of you it seems as though you had been shapely, well-proportioned, but rather quaint figures reflected across my path from a magic lamp, flitting from before my eyes on that sunny morning at Killarney, and withdrawing, as it were, into the mythical world whence you came on that other sunny day in Adelaide Place, Dublin.

(To be continued.)

GOLDSMITH.

There is no name in Irish, or, indeed, English literature regarded with more kindly and affectionate feelings than that of Goldsmith. For nearly a hundred years the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" has been a household word, not only in the homes of these kingdoms, but even in regions where, even in his most ambitious moments, he could scarcely have deemed that the light of his genius would penetrate. His works are as familiar to the French as those of Saint-Pierre and Molière; the German peruses them with a pleasure kindred to that with which he turns the pages of Wilhelm Meister; the Spaniard places them on the same shelf with the comic epic of Cervantes; nay, they have even been translated into the Northern and Oriental tongues—and the adventures, pleasures, disasters, punishments and rewards of the Primrose family are read with delight under the burning sun of Persia, and awake the laughter and tears of thousands in the long nights of the Swedish winter. To account for so world-wide a fame is not difficult. When we say that his writing is drawn from the principles of Nature—that it comes direct from observation and the heart, we have solved the problem. Goldsmith felt everything he wrote; and the language of the individual heart will ever be the magic *Sesame* to open the heart universal of mankind. As to his personal character, and also that of his genius, perhaps no life of which we have record shows more unmistakably the presence of those qualities which characterize the Celtic nature. Of sensibility, imagination, humor, and affection, he had abundance; and when he held the pen in his hand no man's judgment was clearer than his—no man's work distinguished by more elaborate and artistic finish. But those latter qualities were subsidiary to the predominant one of sincerity, and it is through this that he has made all the world his kin. Every writer is, of course, influenced by the period in which he lives; and hence, in Goldsmith's poetry, we have something of the form adopted by Pope—in his novel, something of the mannerism of character and tone of Fielding and Addison; but the spirit which pervades his verse and fiction are genuine, and his own. No mind which has left its impress in literature ever possessed in more harmonious balance the power of raising love and laughter. We see in his pages the forms and humanities which pleased him most—his delight in painting homely scenes and figures, his love of innocent mirth—the admirable reflection, too, which he gained from experience—deep pathos, which arose from suffering—the sympathy with all that is excellent and true—the scorn of all that is false and unnatural. The characters and subjects which a man draws and describes best are no bad test of his own nature and character, as they indicate the direction in which his sympathies are strongest; thus all Goldsmith's virtuous delineations are perfect in their way. It would be hard to match the *Vicar* and *Mr. Burchell*, or the *Good-natured Man* of his drama. It is only when he attempts to delineate vice and folly that he may be said—not to fail—but not to have succeeded in an equal degree with other writers. Indeed his heart seems to have been too full of the milk of human kindness to make him an effective satirist; he rather tried to heal the wounds of life and nature with the balsam than the cautery; and while he depicts virtue with a steady pencil, his hand invariably shakes while using the knife with which he operates on vice.

Oliver Goldsmith, the son of an Irish clergyman with a large family and a small income, was born at Pallas, in the Queen's County, in 1728. In his sixth year, his father, who was the type of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, removed to Lissoy, the *locale* of the *Deserted Village*, where he was sent to school, where he is said to have exhibited some few flashes of that talent which was rather late in arriving at maturity. In 1745 he was entered as a sizar in Trinity College, where he remained until he got his degree of A. B.; but there is no account of his having distinguished himself in any way while there. His first design was that of entering the Church, but this he speedily abandoned from the belief that his powers were better suited to the legal profession. During his collegiate life his father had died, leaving his family in very narrow circumstances; his friends, however, having raised a sufficient sum of money to enable him to enter his name on the books of the King's Inns, he started for Dublin for that purpose. And here we find the first instance of that carelessness of disposition and utter want of providence with regard to the future, which distinguished him all through life. Instead of applying the money as it was intended he should, he squandered it among his companions to the last shilling. Law being thus knocked on the head, and the Church having been thrown overboard, he betook himself of medicine, and another sum of money being raised, he started for Edinburgh to attend the medical lectures in the schools of that town, where he remained two years. Nothing is known of his life during this period. The next place that biography discovers him is in Leyden, whether he is supposed to have gone with a similar purpose. Early in the spring of the following year, he started on a continental tour, "alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow," to use the words of his own "Traveller," with no other means of paying the expenses of his journey than that derived from his flute. In the "Vicar of Wakefield," he has left us in the narrative of the foreign journey, given by the Vicar's son, George, an account of this extraordinary enterprise, which is almost without a parallel since the days of the troubadours. The

account is remarkably sketchy; and it is much to be regretted that a man possessed of such strong observing qualities, so much humor, so many powers, rational and graphic, has not left some chronicle of his experiences. Within the space of a year he passed through the Low Countries, Switzerland, the North of Italy, and France. Except, however, such incidents as those of having contested for a logical prize with the doctors in Padua, having passed an evening in the saloons of Voltaire, when in Paris, we know nothing of this tour, except from the general descriptions and reflections upon the state of the continent at that time, as we find in "The Traveller."

In 1756 we find him arrived in London, where he appears to have passed some time in a state of extreme exigency; of which we get glimpses in some of the anecdotes related by him in after life, and in some of the letters which have been preserved. To this period is no doubt to be referred the story beginning with "when I lived with the beggars in Axes lane"—in which he described the numbers he had seen die with want, when he himself was very little able to relieve them. This was the time when "every day might be considered a happy escape from famine." In a letter still preserved, and written to some relatives who had remitted him a sum of money, he says, "You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or *impudence*; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed." Presently, however, the prospect began to cheer. His pen, hitherto an idle weapon, was put in requisition, and for some years he lived by writing anonymous criticisms and essays, of which those entitled "The Bee" and the "Citizen of the World," have alone been collected. About this time also was published his tract "The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe," and some time after "The Traveller." In 1760 he formed the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, the literary monarch of the day, and was by him introduced to Reynolds, the Club, and the general world of London.

Goldsmith's life of forty-three years was passed amid a series of exigencies and successes which seem to have a most detrimental effect upon his general conduct. At one time he was steeped in poverty to the lips; at another he floated on the summer tide of fortune. It is only the strongest natures which can maintain their moral health and pass unharmed through such rapid fluctuations in the temperature of life. Unhappily Goldsmith's was not one of these. It is possible that had he attained a green old age, his conduct would have become as matured as his talents, that he would at length have learned to act with the wisdom with which he wrote. As it was he appears to have been continually oscillating between vanity and benevolence. The numberless *ana* scattered through his biography are conclusive on this point. No man's experience was greater and more varied than his; he had suffered from the extremest phases of want; he had attained a most unlooked-for pinnacle of prosperity, but despite the ordeal of poverty and labor through which he passed, he was as improvident in his fortieth as in his twentieth year. He could as little resist the temptations of vanity or social enjoyment as the appeals of misery, and was equally ready to lay out his last guinea on a dinner or a fine coat, or bestow it upon some object which appealed to his benevolence. His friends, among whom were numbered the most celebrated men in art, letters, and science of the time, advised, pitied, and laughed at him. When he appeared at the Club in his bloom-colored coat, and stated that his tailor had requested to mention his name in connection with the garment, Johnson told him that was because he knew it would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus show how he was able to make a coat of so absurd a color. Goldsmith did not perceive that his tailor had made the author of "The Traveller" his walking advertisement. While laboring hard for the booksellers a short time before his death, he gave a dinner of an outrageously expensive character to his friends, among whom were Burke, Johnson, and many other members of the Club. As a silent reproach to his extravagance, they let the second course go away untouched. On one occasion a man found him kicking an expensive masquerade dress about his chamber for exercise, in order, he said, that he might get some good out of it. This strange, naive, excitable temperament left him at the mercy of every momentary impression and led him into frequent follies; but it must be admitted that throughout his entire life, and in all the varieties of fortune, his goodness of heart appears in a predominant point of view, and forms the mainspring of many of those actions whose outer aspect is that of extravagance and absurdity. That same simplicity of mind which stamps with a peculiar charm all he has written, which constitutes the unapproachable excellence of his works, appears to have been destructive to his conduct in life. Intellectually he equalled the most eminent men of his age; as an artistic writer he surpassed them; but in his conduct he remained little better than a great big child to his latest day. Almost every reader of Goldsmith's life is disposed to treat the man tenderly, as all his biographers have done; sympathizing with his kindly nature and benevolent heart, we pity when we cannot approve; and while we admire the genius, whose creations will be the delight of the world for many an age, regard his follies with a not ill-natured smile.

Goldsmith has introduced his own character and adventures into his works in many places. He is *The Good-natured Man* of his drama,

the *George*, as we have said in the "Vicar of Wakefield," the *Marlow* of the "Mistakes of a Night." A painter, or novelist, who sits to himself, may doubtless be accused of vanity, especially if merely limns the admirable points; but this Goldsmith has not done. On such occasions he seems to have regarded himself completely in the light of a second person, and sought less to flatter than to attain fidelity. This is so old a custom among writers that Goldsmith may well be excused for adopting it. Fielding is his own *Tom Jones* and *Colonel Booth*, to the life, both being respectively portraits of his youth and manhood; Smollet and *Roderic Random* are as figure and mirror; Dickens is said to be *David Copperfield*, and Thackeray a twin brother of *Arthur Pendennis*. Nay, if we go back to Cervantes, we will discover the chivalrous spirit which formed the basis of the author's character in early youth, embodied with the hand of ridicule in the mock-heroic figure of the *Don*. It is this tendency among writers, and the admirable effects produced from it, as far as truthful delineation is concerned, that has given origin to the theory that the first necessity of a novel is, that it should be the life of an individual, around which the various groups sketched from observation in life or typified from the imagination, should be arranged. Goldsmith's novel, in every respect, fulfills those conditions with this difference, that he has made his father sit for the chief character, and surrounded him with the family circle, including himself, amid which his earliest recollections lay. While living in London, far away from this centre of affectionate associations, he seems to have written this story, as a solace of his exile; to have pleased himself by peopling his solitude with the figures whom he has never destined to behold. In like manner he has made the village of Lissoy the scene of his exquisite and natural poem, in which all the homely characters he had known in his youth, the rural spots where he had wandered, the simple sports he had enjoyed with the rustic inhabitants, have been turned into shape, and consigned to a nameless immortality. They bear internal evidence of having been labors of love to Goldsmith, and those who assert that he adopted the modes of thought and manner of writing common among Englishmen of his day, in going to reside in London, seem to have completely overlooked this fact, as well as many others, which we think are essentially Celtic traits. When remote, unfriended and melancholy, he wandered through Italy and France, or sat within his chamber in the Temple, his Irish heart seems to have turned continually to his early home, and he seems to have pleased himself by living in imagination with the figures that peopled it. As he writes to his brother:

"Where'er I go, whatever forms I see,
My heart untravelling, fondly turns to thee."

[*Nation*.]

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FRENCH LANGUAGE.

1st Division.—Masters Julius Ouvrier, John Scally, Charles Toal. Distinguished—Masters John Walsh, Charles Kane, Michael Hanley.

2d Division.—Masters James Costelloe, John Kelley. Distinguished—Masters John Brady, Patrick Glassey.

3d Division.—Premium—Master Nath. Wells. Distinguished—Masters Andrew Brophy, Flor. McCarthy.

ARITHMETIC.

1st Division.—Masters Charles Kane, John Slattery. Distinguished—Masters John Lyons, Thomas Bracken, William Dougherty.

2d Division.—Masters Samuel Flynn, Timothy Hart. Distinguished—Masters Bernard Martin, Andrew Collins, Patrick Glassey.

3d Division.—Premium—Master Andrew Brophy. Distinguished—Masters John Dawson, Nathaniel Wells.

MENSTRATION.

1st Division.—Masters John Slattery, John Walsh, William Hanley. Distinguished—Masters Charles Kane, Thomas Bracken, Jasper Kane, William Dougherty.

2d Division.—Masters Andrew Collins, John Dawson, John Trageser. Distinguished—Masters Bernard Martin, James Murphy, F. McCarthy.

ALGEBRA.

1st Division.—Masters Charles Kane, John Slattery, Thomas Bracken, John Walsh. Distinguished—Masters Jasper Kane, William Dougherty, John Lyons.

2d Division.—Premium—Master Samuel Flynn. Distinguished—Masters Bernard Martin, Patrick Glassey, John Brady.

3d Division.—Masters James Murphy, Chas. Hughes.

DECLAMATION.

1st Division.—Masters Thomas Carey, Thomas Trumble. Distinguished—Masters Jasper Kane, Eugene Murtha.

2d Division.—Masters Florence McCarthy, Samuel Flynn. Distinguished—Masters Bernard Martin, John Slattery.

ASTRONOMY.

1st Division.—Masters Michael Hanley, Thomas Bracken, John Lyons. Distinguished—Masters William Hanley, Charles Kane, E. Murtha, J. Kane.

2d Division.—Masters Bernard Martin, Florence McCarthy. Distinguished—Masters Samuel Flynn, Patrick Glassey.

3d Division.—Masters Timothy Hart, Andrew Collins. Distinguished—Masters Andrew Brophy, Charles Hughes.

PHILOSOPHY.

1st Division.—Masters Charles Kane, William Dougherty, Bernard Martin. Distinguished—Masters Jasper Kane, Eugene Murtha, John Scally, John Slattery.

2d Division.—Masters Thomas Trumble, Charles Toal. Distinguished—Masters Samuel Flynn, John Brady.

MUSIC.

1st Division.—Masters Charles Toal, Matthew Finnegan, William Dougherty, Thomas Carey.
2d Division.—Masters Eugene Murtha, George McKenzie, Charles Kane, Thomas Trumble.

It is expected that Prince Gortschakoff will avail himself of his visit to the centre of Germany in the suite of the Emperor, for the purpose of bringing about a commercial treaty with the Austrian Emperor.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER X.

A Lesson in Cow-stealing—An Impromptu Speech prepared before—Chief-Baron O'Grady—Fugate at Limerick—Peacocks granted by Napoleon—Remark upon Napoleon's Power—O'Connell's early Thirst for Fame—Narrow Escape of Shooting a Man—O'Connell at Donny—Trial by Jury—Value of the Law that requires Unanimity in a Verdict—Illustrative Instances.

We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. "I was once," said he, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always had managed to steal the fat cows; to which he gravely answered: 'Why, then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sir. Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So," continued O'Connell, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

We spoke of the recent political meetings; and, alluding to a certain orator, I observed, that when a speaker avowed with much earnestness that his speech was unpremeditated, I never felt inclined to believe him. Mr. O'Connell laughed. "I remember," said he, "a young barrister named B——— once came to consult me on a case in which he was retained, and begged my permission to read for me the draft of a speech he intended to deliver at the trial, which was to come on in about a fortnight. I assented; whereupon he began to read, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, I pledge you my honor as a gentleman, that I did not know until this moment I should have to address you in this case.' 'Oh! that's enough,' cried I; 'consult somebody else—that specimen is quite enough for me!'"

On our road from Charleville to Limerick, we passed through the barony of Connelloe, which the Liberator told me had formerly belonged to his ancestors. As we came in view of Chief Baron O'Grady's seat, Mr. O'Connell conversed about the proprietor. In 1813, some person having remarked to O'Grady that Lord Castle-rough, by his ministerial management, "had made a great character for himself," "has he?" said O'Grady; "faith if he has, he's just the boy to spend it like a gentleman!"

"O'Grady," continued O'Connell, "was on one occasion annoyed at the disorderly noise in the Court House at Tralee. He bore it quietly for some time, expecting that Denny (the High Sheriff) would interfere to restore order. Finding, however, that Denny, who was reading in his box, took no notice of the riot, O'Grady rose from the bench, and called out to the studious High Sheriff, 'My Denny, I just got up to hint that I'm afraid the noise in the court will prevent you from reading your novel in quiet.'"

"After O'Grady had retired from the bench, some person placed a large stuffed owl on the sofa beside him. The bird was of enormous size, and had been brought as a great curiosity from the tropics. O'Grady looked at the owl for a moment, and then said with a gesture of peevish impatience, 'Take away that owl! take away that owl! If you don't I shall fancy I am seated again on the Exchequer Bench beside Baron Foster!'"

"Those who have seen Baron Foster on the Bench, can best appreciate the felicitous resemblance traced by his venerable brother judge between his lordship and an old stuffed owl."

"I remember," continued O'Connell, a witness who was called on to give evidence to the excellent character borne by a man whom O'Grady was trying on a charge of cow-stealing. The witness got on the table with the confident air of a fellow who had a right good opinion of himself; he played a small trick, too, that amused me: he had but one glove, which he used sometimes to put on his right hand, keeping the left in his pocket; and again, when he thought he was not watched, he would put it on his left hand, slipping the right into his pocket. 'Well,' said O'Grady to this genius, 'do you know the prisoner at the bar?' 'I do, right well, my lord!' 'And what is his general character?' 'As honest, decent, well-conducted a man, my lord, as any in Ireland, which all the neighbors know, only—only—there was something about stealing a cow.' 'The very thing the prisoner is accused of,' cried O'Grady, interrupting the 'witness to character.'"

"O'Grady," continued O'Connell, "had no propensity for hanging people. He gave fair play to men on trial for their lives, and was upon the whole a very safe judge."

Among the Liberator's professional reminiscences was the following unique instance of a client's gratitude. He had obtained an acquittal; and the fellow, in the ecstasy of his joy, exclaimed, "Ogh, Counsellor! I've no way here to show your honor my gratitude! but I wish I saw you knocked down in my own parish."

and maybe I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue!"

A tattered-looking stroller recognized O'Connell at some place where we stopped for a few minutes, and asked him for money, pleading a personal acquaintance in aid of his claim. "I don't know you at all, my good man," said O'Connell; "I never saw you before."

"That's not what your honor's son would say to me," returned the applicant, "for he got me a good place at Glasnevin Cemetery, only I hadn't the luck to keep it."

"Then, indeed, you were strangely unlucky," rejoined O'Connell; "for those who have places in cemeteries generally keep them."

The crowds who assembled to welcome the Liberator into Limerick were estimated to amount to 100,000 persons. Large numbers of the tradesmen met him about three miles from the city, on the Cork road. The ship-carpenters displayed a sort of pageant; Neptune, bearing a trident, and dressed in a sea-green phibag and sash, occupied a boat which moved along on wheels; and when the Liberator's carriage approached, the ocean-king addressed him in a quaint set speech, full of such crumbo conceits as might figure to advantage in the mythological masques of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. O'Connell replied in character, declaring "he felt quite refreshed by receiving an aquatic compliment upon the dusty high road;" and expressing his high sense of "the condescending courtesy of the illustrious monarch of the deep."

Arrived in Limerick, the men hurra'd and tossed up their hats; a poor woman, equally enthusiastic, but having no hat, tossed up the child she held in her arms.

The cavalcade halted in George street, opposite Cruise's Hotel; and O'Connell there addressed the multitude upon the Repeal of the Union; appealing with powerful effect to the recollections of "the City of the violated Treaty;"—the city "consecrated by Irish fidelity—desecrated by English perfidy." Thence we proceeded to the "Treaty Stone," where Steele spoke at length with energy and fervor. In the evening, O'Connell was entertained at a dinner in the theatre. His speech was admirable. Sentence followed sentence; each an axiom of political wisdom; I never had heard him more effective; yet he was wretchedly reported.

Next morning we set off for Ennis, where 50,000 persons were met; we spent the evening at the house of Mr. Charles O'Connell, a relative of the Liberator's, where we met my friend Hewitt Bridgman, then member for the borough, who boasted to me with honest pride that the first political act of his life was signing a petition against the Union, in 1799.

On our return from Ennis to Limerick on the following day (9th of October, 1840), Mr. O'Connell pointed out to me Stamer Park, the seat of the Duke of Devon. I expressed some surprise that a French Duke should settle in the County Clare. "He had excellent reasons for doing so," answered O'Connell. "He married an Irishwoman who brought him £5,000 or £6,000 a year; probably he had not the tenth part as much in France." We spoke of the ancient noblesse, and the peers of Napoleon's creation. "The honors conferred by such fellows as the Bourbons," said O'Connell, "are not one whit better than those given by Napoleon. The creations of Napoleon was confirmed by Louis XVIII. upon his restoration. If Louis had not confirmed them, he could not have kept his throne one hour."

I said, "If Napoleon had possessed the hundredth part of as much common sense as genius, he never would have lost France."

"It is remarkable," said O'Connell, "that Napoleon's power gradually increased until it enabled him to abolish the legal infidelity; but when he sought to turn restored Christianity to his political purposes—although his power seemed at the time to be consolidated beyond the reach of fate, yet it gradually crumbled away, till at last it dissolved in a Russian snow drift."

Speaking of his own early recollections, O'Connell said:

"My uncle used to get the Dublin Magazine at Carhen; it usually contained the portrait of some remarkable person, with a biographical notice. I was always an ambitious fellow, and I often used to say to myself, 'I wonder will my visage ever appear in the Dublin Magazine?' I knew at that time of no greater notoriety. In 1810, when walking through the streets soon after some meeting at which I had attracted public notice, I saw a magazine in a shop-window, containing the portrait of 'Counsellor O'Connell,' and I said to myself with a smile, 'Here are my boyish dreams of glory realized.' Though I need not tell you that in 1810 I had long outgrown that species of ambition."

When we got about five or six miles on the Dublin side of Nenagh, Mr. O'Connell pointed out a particular spot on the right hand of the road.

"I was near being a very guilty wretch there," said he. "Some years ago, when this neighborhood was much infested with robbers, I was travelling on circuit; my horses were not very good, and just at this spot I saw a man whose movements excited my suspicions. He slowly crossed the road about twenty yards in advance of my carriage, and awaited my approach with his back against the wall, and his hand in the breast of his coat as if ready to draw a pistol. I felt certain I should be attacked, so I held my pistol ready to fire, its barrel resting on the carriage door. The man did not stir—and so escaped. Had he but raised his hand, I should have fired. Good God! what a miserable, guilty wretch, I should have been! How sincerely I thank God for my escape from such guilt!"

Talking of a certain person who assumed and acquired a leadership among a numerous "radical" class, O'Connell remarked:

"He has got the Jacobinical notions of his family, and would act upon them to the utmost extremity. His pole-star is self-aggrandizement. I think he would realize, in working out his views by physical force, the abominable sentiment ascribed to Marat, 'What signify 100,000 lives compared with the maintenance of a principle?'"

This recalled his sojourn in France, and he repeated the verses composed at the time of Marat's death—

"Marat est mort!
Marat est mort!
La France encore respire;
Satan! Prends garde de toi
Car aujourd'hui s'il entre dans votre empire,
Demain tu ne seras plus roi!"

I asked him if he was in any personal danger at the time of the French Revolution?

"Not except one. I was always in terror lest the scoundrels should cut my throats. On one occasion a wagoner of Dumouriez' army scared me and a set of my fellow-colleagues, who had walked out from Douay, crying 'Voilà les jennes jesuites! les capucins! les ro-coulets!'—so we ran back to our college as fast as we could, and luckily the vagabond did not follow us."

We slept at Maryborough, in the Queen's County. Ere we retired to bed, something led to the subject of trial by jury. I asked him if it was not absurd to require unanimity in a jury?—if the plan of the old Scotch criminal juries—namely, that of deciding by the majority, was not the more rational mode?

"In theory it is," he answered; "but there are great practical advantages in the plan that requires unanimity. To be sure there is this disadvantage—that one obstinate fellow may knock up a good verdict in spite of eleven clear-headed jurors—but that does not happen once in a hundred cases. And the necessity for a unanimous verdict may be a vast protection for a person unjustly charged with an offence. I remember a case in which eleven jurors found a man guilty of murder, while the twelfth—a gawky fellow, who had never before been on a jury—said he thought the deceased died by a fall from his horse. The dissident juror persisted; the case was accordingly held over till the next assizes, and in the mean time evidence came out that most clearly confirmed the surmise of the gawky juror. Here, then, if the majority of jurors had been able to return a verdict, an innocent man had suffered death."

O'Connell had strong convictions against the law of punishment by death. His own professional experience furnished him with a multitude of reasons for its abolition. He told me an instance where an innocent life was all but lost; the prosecutrix (a woman whose house had been attacked) having erroneously sworn to the identity of a prisoner who was totally guiltless of the offence. The man was found guilty and sentenced to death on her evidence. He bore a considerable personal resemblance to the real criminal. The latter having been arrested and confronted with the prosecutrix, she fainted with horror at her mistake, which had been so nearly fatal in its consequences. By the prompt interference of Judge Burton (then at the bar) and O'Connell, the government were induced to discharge the unoffending individual, who had the narrowest possible escape of a rope.

But a far worse case than this was recorded by O'Connell. I give the narrative in his own words, extracted from a speech he delivered at a meeting held in London:

"I myself," said he, "defended three brothers, of the name of Cremin. They were indicted for murder. The evidence was most unsatisfactory. The judge had a leaning in favor of the crown prosecution, and he almost compelled the jury to convict them. I sat at my window as they passed by after sentence of death had been pronounced; there was a large military guard taking them back to goal, positively forbidden to allow any communication with the three unfortunate youths. But their mother was there; and she, armed in the strength of her affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son, who was but twenty-two years of age; I saw her hang on the second, who was not twenty; I saw her faint when she clung to the youngest boy, who was but eighteen—and I ask, what recompense could be made for such agony? They were executed, and — they were innocent!"

(To be continued.)

SOFT SOAP.—According to the Abbe Huc, Eastern monarchs are gullible. He says: "Once it happened that a Frenchman came to the Khan of Tartary, and the Emperor asked him what offering he had brought him. The Frenchman replied, 'Sir, I have brought you nothing, for I did not know of your great power.' 'How,' said the Emperor, 'did not the very birds, as they flew over your country, tell you of our power?' The Frenchman replied, 'Sir, perhaps they did, but, as I do not understand their language, I do not know what they said.' And thus the Emperor was appeased."

AN EDITOR IN OHIO ARRESTED FOR ROBBERING THE MAIL.—John Caskey, the editor of the Holmes County Republican, has been arrested on charge of robbing the mail. He has been indicted by the grand jury. He handed a letter to the postmaster containing \$30 to be sent to Cincinnati, and while the official's back was turned he exchanged the letter for one minus the money. The P. M. discovered the cheat, and Caskey handed over the original letter.

SCATTERY ISLAND.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A WARNING TO DESECRATORS.—A melancholy accident happened to the chief engineer of her Majesty's ship Hawke, in the old church ruins of Inniscattery, on Saturday last.

The following account, which appeared in the *Clare Advertiser*, of the 4th inst., is given from an eye witness, who lives on the island, and acted as guide on the 27th ult.: "On Saturday, three officers—the purser, sailing master, and chief engineer, of the Hawke visited Scattery. The engineer was accompanied by his wife and two other ladies; they were rowed from the ship to the island by twelve or fourteen men. All came prepared to spend a happy day; they brought fire and potatoes, and chips to boil them, and edibles of every kind; grog from the ship and good brown stout was disposed of on the grass. After dinner the engineer and his friends walked over the 'sainted isle of old;' he viewed the fine old tower, and holy well, and the chapel of St. Sinan, in which there is an alder tree older than the oldest inhabitant on the island. Visitors at all times have held the antiquities of the island in respect, if not veneration. The engineer was desirous to possess some curiosity from the island, so remarkable in Irish history; he used a little chopper on the tree, when a poor man present requested him to desist, saying such things were never done by visitors. The warning had not the desired effect. Not finding the branch to yield, he handed the little hatchet to his companion, while he made an effort to swing out of the tree, in order to break it where it was notched—and here comes the strangest part of the intelligence—the branch gave way almost without a pull! The engineer fell with a terrible scream—the alder branch fell on him—the tree broke, not at the place where it was notched, but much higher up, and where it was not expected to break! There he lay, our informant avers, stiff and in great pain. His wife, with tears, regretted that the poor man's advice was not taken. The sailors were called and a litter prepared, and as gently as the men could carry him they conveyed him to the boat. The part of the tree broken off remains still in the church. Large numbers from the town have been to Scattery to see it."

"The chief engineer was rowed off to the ship. How he has got on since the accident we have not heard. We forbear to give the rumors which are in circulation regarding his health, but at the time of the occurrence the bystanders were alarmed at the great swelling of the man's leg, particularly near the ankle. The branch of the tree represented was about as thick as a boy's arm."—*Dublin Telegraph*, July 11.

NAPIER AND THE JUGGLER.—We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword. After the Indian battles, on one occasion, a famous juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the general, his family and staff. Among his performances, this man cut in two, with a stroke of the sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hands of the assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his assistant. To divide, by a sweep of the sword, on a man's hand, so small an object without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott, in his romance of the Talisman. To determine the point, the general offered his own hand for the experiment, and he held out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial. "I thought I would find out," exclaimed Napier. "But stop," said the other, "let me see your left hand." The left hand was submitted, and the man then said, firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat." "But why the left hand, and not the right?" "Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high and the danger will be less." Napier was startled. "I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and set out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and, with a swift stroke, cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand, as if a cold thread had been drawn across it: and so much," he added, "for the swordsmen of India."

MARRIED A SQUAW.—A Leecompton, Kansas, paper has the following: "A young man of this city having become tired of living in a 'state of single blessedness,' went across the Kaw river a few days since—proffered his heart and hand to a young and handsome Delaware squaw, (said to be worth \$25,000),—was accepted, then went right off and got married. This is a streak of luck for our young man which will enable him to live at his ease hereafter. We learn that a few more squaws, who are rich, accomplished and handsome, say that they would prefer marrying a white man to their own red brethren. Now is the time for our young and good-looking men to marry a fortune."

The monument erected in the cemetery at Portsmouth, Va., over the remains of the late Rev. Francis Devlin, is truly a magnificent affair. It is some twenty feet high and cost eleven hundred dollars. It was erected under the supervision of the Rev. Joseph H. Plunkett, his successor. On the north side is an inscription.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Ulsterman says: "As we write, we learn that a serious riot has been provoked by the Orangemen this (Tuesday) night in the neighborhood of Sandy-row. Firearms were used, several persons shot, and some of the police themselves dangerously wounded. The military had to be called out before the riot was suppressed. This frightful riot was begun by the Orangemen attacking and wrecking the house of a poor widow named Donaghue with brutal ferocity. It is feared that one of the police has been killed. All this is very shocking; and the higher class encouragers of such brutality have a fearful responsibility on their heads. We have been informed (and it is noticeable as a proof of the favor Orange ruffianism gets here) that some of the corporation police were seen marching, linked arm in arm with Orangemen, with Orange emblems in their breasts, to a certain church on Sunday afternoon. We understand that whole streets of houses have been wrecked by these Orange ruffians." The Belfast News-Letter gives the subjoined account of this disgraceful affair: "The twelfth of July in this town has not passed so quietly as we fondly anticipated it would. Last night some disturbances took place in the noted localities of Durham street and the Pound, which at one time assumed a very threatening and serious aspect, and we regret to say that three constables of the local police force have been very seriously maltreated. It appears, from what we could glean of the occurrences, that, at about nine o'clock, two large crowds of opposing parties met in Grosvenor street, off Durham street, and commenced to pelt stones, and indulge in other such hostile demonstrations. The police of the district, under Sub-inspector Bindon and Head-constable Henderson, were promptly drawn out and marched to the scene of contest, where they were welcomed by a shower of stones, which fortunately fell without any serious effect to the men. The police then got orders to fix bayonets and charge the mob, which they accordingly did with the desired result; for both parties, forgetting their previous hostility, instantly fled before the common pursuers in the direction of Sandy-row, which has itself, "in days gone by," been the scene of many a party struggle. They made, apparently, a determined halt near the railway crossing, and the police were again attacked by a perfect shower of stones. 'Charge' was given once more, and the result was, that five prisoners were captured—two by the local police and three by the constabulary. The mob, which had now become so conglomerated that no party could be distinguished, made an attempt at rescue, which was promptly repelled by the police, and the captives were taken in triumph to the police barrack where they were safely kept handcuffed all night. This crowd then dispersed, but it would appear that they re-assembled in Cullintree-road, where they began to attack some of the houses with large stones. Three of the men—Constables John Bingham, Thomas Gormley, and Thomas Cairns—were so seriously cut and bruised by the heavy stones thrown at them that they had to be carried from the place and taken to the General Hospital, where they had their wounds carefully dressed. The mayor (S. G. Getty, Esq.), Wm. S. Tracy, Esq., R.M., and Dr. McGee, J.P., were on the spot; and, by their directions, a troop of Hussars and two companies of the 58th Regiment were sent for to the military barracks. The riot act was read, we understand, several times during the night, but nothing further of a serious nature took place. Shots were fired in out-of-the-way places, but no assemblage or breach of the peace attempted to be repeated after the arrival of the military, who were drawn up in front of the police barrack, and the Hussars at intervals scouring round the district. All afterwards remained quiet."

Cavan.

The Grand jury of Cavan, at the late assizes, conferred an annuity of £20 a year on Mrs. Armstrong, matron of the county prison, upon her retirement after eighteen years' service.

Cork.

A beautiful double-barrelled gun has been made at the establishment of Mr. Allport, 67 Old George's street, which is, perhaps, the largest double-barrelled fowling piece ever manufactured. The gun is made on an entirely new construction: The barrels, instead of being soldered together, with a "rile" at top and bottom, as double guns almost invariably are, are bolted together through the patent breeches, top and bottom, and about three feet six inches from the breeches the barrels are "clipped" together with a strong double ring. Attached to this is the frame of the spring swivel, and the other end is screwed to the stock. The gun can be taken asunder in five minutes, and converted into two single guns, by attaching a second stock.

The barrels are constructed of the best twisted iron, the stock is made of gun metal, and the locks are as nicely adjusted and as exactly fitted as mechanical ingenuity could accomplish. Although the gun weighs 372 lbs., it is so evenly balanced that a child might work it in any direction, and discharge it with the most perfect ease. Those who are fond of strand shooting may feel some interest in learning the dimensions. The barrels are nine feet long, and the weight of both amounts to 224 lbs., the weight of the patent breeches is 36 lbs., of the stock, 56 lbs., and the spring swivel and frame also weigh 56 lbs. The charge is intended to be a half pound of powder and two pounds of shot for each barrel, and as the gun is expected to kill at nearly four hundred yards wild duck and other water fowl will be apt to find a nearer location an exceedingly uncomfortable position.—*Erasmian.*

Down.

The magistrates have been assembled at Killyleagh Petty Sessions engaged in investigating the circumstances which led to the death of William Martin, who was shot and stabbed with nineteen wounds in his body, on the occasion of the celebration of the 1st of July, by the Orange party, in the village of Crossgar. Mr. Ruthven appeared to prosecute on the part of the crown. Mr. O'Rourke appeared for the Roman Catholics, and Mr. Gibson for the Orangemen. A number of witnesses were examined, and the bench decided in returning fourteen parties for trial at the approaching assizes at Downpatrick. Four of the parties are Roman Catholics and ten are Protestants. The government have offered a reward of £50 to any person who shall, within the next six months, give such information as shall lead to the arrest of any of the persons who murdered William Martin on the 1st ult. A head-constable and fourteen or fifteen police from the reserve force are on their way from Dublin to remain in Crossgar until further orders.

As a number of lorries laden with earth were coming down an incline, about a mile from Comber, on the line now in course of formation from that town to Downpatrick, they came in contact with a young man named Matthew Anderson, who was in the way, passing over his left leg, mangling it severely from the knee downwards, and inflicting injury on the ankle of the other leg. Drs. Frame and Kennedy, of Comber, and Dr. Gordon, of Saintfield, who has medical charge of the workmen on the line, were sent for, and the young man removed to the house of his father in Comber, when a surgical operation appearing inevitable, an express was sent for Surgeon Moore, of Belfast, who promptly arrived, and amputated the leg above the knee. The young man is going on favorably.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

An intelligent correspondent, from the neighborhood of Newtownards, writes as follows: "I have been cattle inspector for two Cattle Insurance Companies, and in all my experience for the last twenty years, we have not had the pleuro-pneumonia with such virulence and fatality as this season. Many farmers have lost all their black cattle, and few are escaping. If Dr. Hodges and the Chemico-Agricultural Society would lend their attention in the discovery of a cure (or experiment by inoculation), they would most probably effect a great deal of good."—*Northern Whig.*

Dublin.

The Corporation of Dublin presented an address to his Excellency on the question of abolition, insisting upon the impolicy of destroying the office of viceroy. Lord Carlisle returned a reply. He said: "I am convinced that the continuance of the Viceregal Court contributes materially to make our own capital a place of increased resort and importance, and I cannot treat as purely frivolous the influences that act upon the trade and prosperity of an ancient and populous city, or believe that they do not radiate to a far wider circuit. * * * I am clearly of opinion it would be neither prudent, generous, nor just to change this ancient form of administration without a marked concurrence on the part of the loyal and well disposed portion of the Irish people." Previous to his departure from Kingstown Harbor, his Imperial Highness, Prince Napoleon, directed the annexed highly complimentary communication to be forwarded to the Messrs. Brown and Payne, of Sackville street: "His Imperial Highness, Prince Napoleon, during his visit to Dublin, gave an order to the firm of Brown and Payne. His Imperial Highness is much satisfied with the cleverness and skill of the cutter (*coupeur*) of the house, and with the quality of its merchandise. Dated Kingston, the 11th of July, 1857."

The first of a series of Concerts for the People took place at the Music Hall, Lower Abbey street, when an overflowing audience, chiefly consisting of the working classes, assembled within its walls. The greatest order and decorum prevailed, and the music, which was of a superior class, was listened to with intense interest and evident delight.

The vocalists was Mr. and Mrs. Lumpus, Miss M'Kenna, Mr. Grattan Kelly, and Mr. Ledsam. The band of the 1st Royal Dragoons also attended, and added considerably to the eclat of the evening, by the chaste performance of several operatic selections. We heartily wish success to this undertaking, as we believe it will be productive of much good to the class for whom it is especially intended.—*Nation.*

James Spollen was brought up at Capel street Police office for further examination. His son Joseph, a lad of 14 years, was examined. His evidence went to corroborate that of his sister Lucy with regard to the piece of rag used as a duster. He also saw his father at the chimney, as stated by his sister. He identified the padlock found with the money as one of those his father had for locking the tops of oil-cans. He identified the razor as having belonged to his father. The prisoner was remanded and again brought up, and finally committed to take his trial at the ensuing Commission, which opens on the 4th of August.

Galway.

As a number of people were leaving the market of Ballinasloe, a dispute arose which ended in blows, somewhere between the asylum and nurseries. A man named Shea residing at Killecastle, in the parish of Moore, was struck by a stone on the head, from the effects of which he died. The authorities are on the alert to discover the perpetrator of the outrage.

Six young men went on a boating excursion up the lake, when a short way above Menlo Castle the boat was upset, and melancholy to relate three of the young men were drowned.

Kildare.

The Rev. Dr. Renshan, President of Maynooth College, lies in a most precarious state at present in consequence of severe indisposition. He received the last sacraments of the Church, and from the inquiries which were made we could learn that very little hope is entertained of his recovery.—*Dublin Freeman.*

King's County.

The railway from Ballybrophy to Parsonstown is in a forward state, and will be open to the public in September. It is now complete as far as Roscrea.

At Parsonstown, an order was received for the embodiment of the King's Co. Militia.

Limerick.

The Congregated Trades of Limerick are engaged in making preparations on a grand scale to render the inauguration of the "O'Connell Monument" a superb triumphant spectacle. The committee of management have adopted the plan of Mr. W. Corbet, C.E., for the pillared railing and other ornamental ironwork. Mr. Turner, of Dublin, will be the manufacturer of the castings, which will be of very elegant design. The committee held a meeting, at which they came to the conclusion of fixing the 15th of August as the day for inauguration. This is a step in the right direction on the part of the committee, as celebrating it on the 6th, the day originally intended, would only mar the effect which we are sure they are anxious to produce on that occasion, in conjunction with the trades. Besides, the 15th being a holiday, the thousands that will then pour into the city, not only from our own county but also from those of Clare, Tipperary, Cork, and Kerry, both to witness and take part in a demonstration that will long be remembered by those who will have the gratification of witnessing it, whilst the historian will hand it down to posterity as an evidence of the unquenchable love of the Irish people for the memory of their chief. The soiree of the trades will take place in the evening in the splendid rooms of the late Mr. James Marshall, in Brunswick street, now in the possession of that enterprising gentleman, Mr. Peter Tait, army clothier, who has consented to give them for that purpose.—*Observer.*

A carrier from the county Kilkenny, while on his way to Limerick with loading, fell off his car while asleep, when the wheel passed over his right leg, breaking the limb a little above the ankle joint. The man is at present in the infirmary, under the care of Dr. Quin, medical officer of the Nenagh workhouse.

A breach of promise of marriage came off at the Limerick assizes. The plaintiff was a Miss Shine, and the defendant was Mr. Nicholas J. Murphy, of the city of Cork. A conference took place between the legal gentlemen engaged on both sides, which lasted about ten minutes, after which a jury was sworn who returned a verdict of £500 for the plaintiff.

Louth.

Dr. Barry, of All Hallows College, has been lecturing with great success in Drogheda, on behalf of the Young Men's Societies in that town. The rev. gentleman preached on two occasions, and afterwards lectured on O'Connell and Curran for this object. The Mayor presided. The local press speaks very highly of Dr. Barry's eloquence and skill as a lecturer.

Judge Perrin gave permission for the declaration of bills of indictment against the Mayor, his deputies, and poll clerks, for conspiracy to procure the undue return of Mr. Somers.

Mr. James M'Cartney who was for the last thirty years chief constable in Drogheda, died recently, after a short illness. The vacancy in the office will not be filled up.

Mayo.

The late election for Mayo has been declared by the committee, a void election. Mr. Moore is therefore unseated for Mayo, and disqualified from sitting for that constituency in the present parliament. Mr. Moore has addressed the electors of Galway, whence "Honest" Anthony has just been ejected for acts of gross bribery at the late election.

Sligo.

Mr. Justice Perrin sat in the crown court and disposed of the following cases: Patt Cully and John Cully were indicted for assaulting John Colling on the 1st of February last, and inflicting on him grievous bodily injury. The jury, after a short consultation, found John Cully guilty and Patt Cully not guilty. William Cosgrave was indicted for assaulting Edward Day on the 6th of April last, and inflicting on him grievous bodily injury. Messrs. Bourke, Q.C., and Concanon prosecuted. Messrs. Dillon and Jones defended the prisoner. The jury found the prisoner guilty. This case closed the criminal business of the assizes, and the court proceeded with traverses for damages at the late election of the town.

Westmeath.

An occurrence, eventuating in the loss of two lives, took place in the vicinity of Athlone, July 12. The disaster occurred by the upsetting of a pleasure boat on the waters of Lough Ree near the above named town. The facts, as we have learned, are to the effect that, after divine service, a numerous party of the inhabitants of Athlone, including some ladies, embarked in a hired boat for the purpose of enjoying a trip across the Lough. On approaching Carberry Island a sail was hoisted on the boat, and shortly after a sudden squall of wind came on, the sail "gibed" (as it is called) capsizing the boat, and precipitating all the persons on board into the water. Some escaped by swimming, and others clung to the overturned boat and floating spars. All (including the females) were rescued, save two young men, named Patrick Hogan and John Harrison, who unfortunately perished. Both were occupied in business in Athlone. The bodies were subsequently found, and an inquest was held upon them by Fetherston Haugh, Esq., coroner for the county Westmeath, and a verdict of accidental death by drowning returned. Most praiseworthy exertions were made by the boatmen and others in striving to preserve the lives of the party. The loss of these two young men is universally lamented amongst all classes of the inhabitants of Athlone and its neighborhood.

Wexford.

The Great Colclough Will Case has at last been brought to a close in a way satisfactory to both parties. At the close of Mr. Whiteside's speech, a compromise was entered into. The following is an outline of the terms: Mrs. Boyse gets the money lodged in court, amounting to upwards of £20,000, and her jointure. Mr. Rossborough Colclough gets Tintern Abbey and the estates, valued at £8,000 a year.

INDIA.—This week's news from India lies heavy at the heart of England. It could be scarcely more serious. The whole Bengal army, except the merest shred, twenty-eight regiments, thirty thousand men, have passed as in the twinkling of an eye, from the condition of slavish mercenaries, to that of infuriated foes of British power. That army which England trained and drilled, those men whom she armed that they might hold their own countrymen in subjection, have been made the instruments of her overthrow. She enlightened them, till they could see her arts; she organized them, till they could defy her power, then, while with insatiable cupidity and cruelty beyond a name, she robbed and wrecked the country and tortured its inhabitants, she blindly insulted them till they could endure no longer—they arose and burst the flimsy bonds by which she held them, and turned their arms against her heart. There is some talk in England about a terrible retribution for all this, but no amount of blood and massacre will repair the breach. The dissolution of the accursed Empire of Great Britain in India is inevitable, and after these transactions it is near at hand. For all which God be thanked. The latest accounts left the mutineers, or rather the patriot Sepoys in the possession of Delhi, where £700,000 had fallen into their hands. They had, according to the English accounts, fought a stiff battle with the European troops outside the city, and had been defeated, with the loss of twenty-six guns. The British troops were preparing to assault the place.—*Nation.*

ENGLAND.

A WOMAN SUBSISTING SOLELY UPON WATER.—A woman named Mary Naseby was discovered by one of the servants of John Crossley, Esq., in a little dark hole connected with Mr. Crossley's residence, Manor Heath, Halifax. The poor woman presented a sad emaciated appearance. She was taken into the house, placed by the fire, and was treated with every consideration. When she was somewhat restored she told the following melancholy tale: She said that ten years ago she was married in Manchester to an itinerant violinist, and, until his death, in February last, at Halifax, she had travelled with him about the country singing to the strains of his violin. Since her husband's death she had been compelled to go along singing at public houses. Her earnings were, however, so small that they were insufficient for her subsistence, and at last she crawled into the place in which she was found, to end her existence. She had been there a week and a day, and during that time she had not tasted anything but water, which she procured from a tap in the yard near her hiding place. She crawled to the tap at night after all was locked up, and again in the early morning before any one was stirring. She was brought before a magistrate, who greatly commiserated her, and by his orders she was conveyed to the workhouse.

THE SALE AT ALTON TOWERS.—The sale of the pictures at Alton Towers, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was brought to a close. The attendance was numerous. By the annexed particulars it will be seen that the proceedings of Wednesday week far exceeded that of any other day. The pictures consisted entirely of those belonging to the Talbot Gallery, and formed the most valuable portion of the collection. The gallery formerly in the possession of the mother of Napoleon was also embraced in the day's sale. Monday's sale realized £1,278 6s.; Tuesday's, £1,948 2s.; Wednesday's, £5,261 4s.; Thursday's, £1,335 9s.; Friday's, £1,995 3s.; and Saturday's, £1,680 2s.; total, £13,534 6s. During the week the number of visitors has been very large, and in consequence of the crush a valuable alabaster vase was broken. The disposal of the armory commenced on Monday, and, together with the porcelain, sculpture, bronzes, and ornamental objects, occupied the whole of the week.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A COASTGUARDSMAN.—John Barnett, boatman, of the South-sea station, on returning from his night duty about four o'clock, observed three men, one dressed as a soldier of the 71st Fusiliers, lurking about the residence of Lord George Lennox. Suspecting all was not right, he proceeded to the rear of the mansion and discovered two women, one already in the house, having made an entry through an open window. He bade all three "stand," or he'd shoot them. He trapped the one in the house by closing the window, and made prizes of the other two outside. The family were alarmed by him, and the prisoners handed over to the police. They were taken before the Portsmouth magistrates, and in default of paying a fine of £4 each (no forcible entry having been made, a burglary could not be established) were consigned to gaol for two months each.

A YOUNG LADY BURNED TO DEATH.—An inquest was held on the body of Phoebe Sarah Lawford, aged fifteen, daughter of Mr. Lawford, postmaster at the House of Commons. Mrs. Lawford stated that on Saturday morning she was waked by screams from her daughter's bedroom, and on going there found the deceased standing in the middle of the room, with her night-dress on fire. Mrs. Lawford tore the dress off, but not before the poor girl had received injuries, which shortly afterwards resulted in death. A sister of the deceased, who slept with her, stated that when she went to sleep she left the deceased reading at a table in the room, and was waked about half-past one in the morning by her sister's raising herself in the bed with her night-dress on fire. Verdict, "Accidental death."

THE FOREIGN LEGION.—A parliamentary paper, just published, gives some particulars regarding the establishment and disbanding of the Foreign Legion raised during the late war. It appears that the total number enlisted were—German Legion, 441 officers, 539 sergeants, and 8,702 rank and file. Swiss Legion, 136 officers, 165 sergeants, and 2,995 rank and file. Italian Legion, 160 officers, 195 sergeants, and 3,226 rank and file; making a total of 16,559 of all ranks.

ESCAPE FROM ST. ALBAN'S GAOL.—Information has been received of a most daring escape of two prisoners from the gaol at St. Alban's. It seems that whilst the turnkeys were enjoying their dinner, two prisoners named William Jones and Joseph Webb, alias Randall, got out of their yard, and, procuring some loose material, scaled the outer wall of the prison, and though instantly pursued, got clear away.

BANQUET TO RICHARD SWIFT, ESQ.—Richard Swift, the faithful representative in Parliament for five years, of the county Sligo, has received a compliment at the hands of his fellow-citizens and a number of distinguished persons, lay and clerical, of which he may well be proud. He was entertained at a public dinner in the Freemason's Tavern, London, at which had assembled to do him honor, the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, the venerable Bishop of Beverley, along with many of the second order of the clergy and a number of the Independent Members of Parliament. It was only fitting that the Prelates and Clergy should assemble to do honor to such a man. No one can forget the chivalrous courage with which, during the Papal aggression phobia in England, Mr. Swift braved the popular fury and asserted the dignity of the Ministers of that religion of which he himself is so worthy and honored a member. When a sheriff of London, he felt it his duty to pay his respects to his Sovereign, he showed a proper sense of what was due to his position, by introducing at her Majesty's Levee his Chaplain, the Very Rev. Monsignore Searle. His attachment to his religion is well known; and the best proof of the respect in which he is held by his fellow-citizens, is found in his election by them to the office of Sheriff, at the moment when the name of a Roman Catholic was as hateful to the English as that of Frenchman was during the struggle against Napoleon. Of his Parliamentary career it is enough to say that he acted up to the spirit and the letter of every pledge he gave on his election.

PUNISHMENT BY THE LASH.—Private Geo. Garrett, 93rd Highlanders, was tried by a court-martial at Chatham garrison on the following charge: "For when he was a prisoner in the main-guard lock-up, he called Lieutenant Gorton, of the 29th Regiment, who was an officer of the guard, a ——— recruit officer, and, taking up his shoe, threatened to throw it at the said officer." The prisoner was tied up to the halberds and received fifty lashes, in the presence of the officers and men of the provincial battalion. After receiving this punishment the prisoner was removed to the military prison, Fort Clarence, for 168 days' imprisonment. The prisoner is a bad character, marked with the letter D, and has been flogged seven times.

SUNDAY BANDS.—A band, supported by voluntary contribution, has commenced playing on the Town-moor at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Sunday evenings, which attracts considerable numbers of the working classes from the town. The Hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P., in forwarding a subscription of £2 to the secretary, says he is glad to hear that it is contemplated to establish a band on the Town-moor on Sunday evenings, as he considers this a perfectly legitimate, healthful, and innocent means of recreation for the working classes, after due respect for the Sabbath has been shown by the closing of all places, both of business and amusement, during those portions of the day set apart for the performance of morning and afternoon services in the churches.

A COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We regret to announce the total loss, by collision, off Holyhead, of the Austrian barque *Grazi Dio*, Captain Bassanich, on her passage down Channel, bound from Liverpool to Trieste. She was run into by the ship *Carlyle*, Captain Simpson, from Liverpool to New York, and sank in two minutes. She had on board a crew of nineteen men, out of which six met with a watery grave. The remainder, including the captain, were saved by the *Carlyle*, which has returned to port with damage to cutwater, head-gear, &c., and leaky from the effects of the collision.

A THOUGHTFUL LAD.—A display of that faculty generally known as "presence of mind" was exhibited by a boy, aged only twelve years, living in the neighborhood of Sherborne street. His father came home intoxicated, and threw himself into the water-butt. The boy witnessed the proceeding, and at once drew off the water. Some neighbors were called in, and they found the drunken man performing the uncommon feat of standing on his head in an empty barrel. But for the thought of the boy, the man might have been drowned.—*Cheltenham Paper.*

A rumor was current in Liverpool on Saturday week that Miss Smith would leave this country by the Royal Mail steamship *Asia*, which sailed that day for the United States and Canada. In consequence of this rumor, a considerable number of the inhabitants assembled on the landing-stage to witness the embarkation of the passengers. After the departure of the *Asia*, it was announced in one of the public rooms that she had taken her departure by that steamship. Our Liverpool correspondent states, however, on the authority of the agents of these steamers, that Miss Madeleine Smith did not sail in the *Asia*.—*London Paper.*

The English parliament will close on the second week in August; the 10th is the day at present named.

An almost miraculous escape from instant death occurred while a train conveying the 25th Regiment was running, on the 9th, on the Reading and Reigate Railway. A child belonging to the wife of one of the soldiers, a fine boy about seven, was leaning out of the window of the carriage, when by some means he overbalanced himself and fell out on the line, the train then running at the rate of forty miles a hour. The mother was with difficulty restrained from jumping out after him. On the arrival of the train at Reigate town men were instantly dispatched in search of the child, who was found lying uninjured, the collar bone only being fractured. The second special train conveying the remainder of the troops, passed the child without doing him any injury.

Prince Louis Napoleon and suite visited Manchester by the express train from Liverpool. The mayor (Sir James Watts), the town-clerk, and General Sir Harry Smith were in waiting with carriages, and conveyed his Imperial Highness to the Queen's Hotel, where he had lunch, and then proceeded to the Exhibition of Art Treasures, where he arrived at ten minutes before two o'clock. The prince was received by several members of the committee, and conducted through the principal galleries, and spent a considerable time in examining the pictures.

The following six regiments of infantry will proceed to India as soon as transports for their conveyance can be procured, viz.: the 20th, the 34th, the 42nd Highlanders, the 54th, the 97th, and the Rifle brigade, 2nd Battalion. With the reinforcements already embarking, together with the troops on passage to China, who will in all likelihood go to Calcutta instead, and three regiments from Persia and Ceylon, the Bengal force is now being strengthened by about 25,000 troops.

SCOTLAND.

THE CALEDONIA CANAL.—The fifty-second report on this canal, just published, states the receipts during the year ended the 1st of May, 1857, to have been £5,408, and the expenditure £6,152, leaving a deficit of about £744. Although the trade with Russia has now nearly recovered its position prior to the war, the extreme prevalence of easterly winds during the last as in the preceding year has operated, by facilitating the north-about passage westwards, to diminish the resort of foreign vessels and the larger class of traders to the canal, as well as the relative proportion of steam towage to the general amount of traffic. The navigation of the Crinan Canal is in a better condition than at any previous time.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—A woman named Mrs. Paterson, residing in Orr street, Glasgow, sent her daughter, nine years of age, to purchase a small quantity of tincture of rhubarb. The drug procured was administered to a child nine months old, and shortly after the infant became ill and expired. On inquiry being made, it appeared that the girl had been served by a surgeon in Canning street with a quantity of laudanum, which she asked for instead of tincture of rhubarb, which she was desired by her mother to procure.

THE VERDICT IN MISS SMITH'S TRIAL.—It will be interesting to our readers and the public to learn the numbers by which the jury came to a decision. After deliberating, there were five for a verdict of guilty, and ten for one not proven. On the question of an absolute acquittal, there was no diversity of sentiment whatever. The *Glasgow Courier* states that Mrs. Smith is in a very critical condition, and is rapidly sinking under the calamity which has been brought upon that family by her unfortunate daughter.

DUNBAR.—Long-projected improvements upon this harbor are now about to be carried into effect. The Treasury are said to be prepared to sanction an outlay of £30,000 towards carrying out the improvements and alterations on the Victoria harbor, agreeably to plans which the local magistrates have laid before them. The harbor will then be capable of admitting vessels and boats at low water, by which shelter will be obtained by them at all times, instead of running for the Frith of Forth in a storm.

IMPROVEMENTS AT HOLYROOD.—The works at Holyrood and in the Queen's-park, authorized by a vote of Parliament, have been commenced. They consist of a new garden surrounding the palace, including, of course, the removal of all the old houses between it and the hill, forming a lock below St. Anthony's Chapel, building new entrance lodges, and extensive improvements within the palace.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.—The *Free Journal* reports a subterranean fire in the Dysart coal seam. "In the village," says the same authority, "the walls are rending, the lime is bursting at some places off the walls, numbers of the doors will not shut, and some of the floors are bursting asunder. The farmhouse of Braxton is torn and swayed, and propped to hold it up."

SUSPICIOUS CASE OF BURIAL AND BRIDAL.

—A short time ago the wife of a man in the neighborhood of a respectable farmer in the upper ward of Lanarkshire died somewhat suddenly. To the surprise of every one, scarcely had two weeks passed over when the breach in the household was filled up by the widower leading home a second spouse. The unseemly conjunction of bridal and burial, however, would seem to be tolerably well accounted for, in part, by the fact of the newly-married wife being far advanced in pregnancy. Information having been conveyed to the Procurator Fiscal, orders were forwarded to have the body of the deceased wife raised and submitted to a suitable examination. The contents of the stomach have been secured, and will, no doubt, undergo a searching analysis.

We regret to add, that the "enthusiasm" in favor of Miss Smith, and the exuberant joy at her acquittal, were not confined to the court in which she was tried. Strange to say, they seem to be the prevalent feelings throughout Edinburgh society. Will it be believed that some persons contemplate the possibility of a proposal being made that a testimonial should be got up and presented to her on her escape? A correspondent asks: "Is this a healthy tone of public feeling? A deep and solemn silence would have better befitted the remembrance of the wretched D'Angellier's case, who has, we may truly say, been accused and tried on the allegation of suicide, and not one word from his pen allowed to appear in evidence, while his lips are sealed in death. If there be a public dinner given to Miss Madeleine Smith in Edinburgh, I hope a vacant chair will be left opposite to her, as at the banquet of 'Macbeth,' and we may guess how it ought to be filled! I hear that if Mr. Minnoch refuses to marry her now, she is to prosecute him for a breach of promise!" As a proof of the morbid disposition of the public, or rather of a very wretched section of it, we learn that large numbers of people assembled round Mr. Smith's house in Blythwood Square, which they surveyed with great earnestness, particularly the back parts where the letters were dropped, and where the unfortunate pair are said to have met. Some of the more rabid of the lot chipped off bits of the stone, and scraped out portions of the lime.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

July 14, at St. Mark's Church, Dublin, Miss Johanna Murphy, to Mr. Henry Chower.
July 13, in St. George's Church, by the Rev. Frederic Carmichael, A. H. Harbors, Fannure Rivton, Esq., to Adelaide Louise Jebb, daughter of John Hill Linde, of Eyrefield, county Kildare, Esq., and granddaughter of the late Sir Henry Jebb.
July 14, at St. Michael's Church, by the Rev. James Andrew, James Harvey, Esq., merchant, Londonderry, to Kate Frances, daughter of Samuel Wrigley, Esq., manager of Richmond Asylum, Dublin.
July 16, at St. John's Church, Cork, by the Rev. W. C. Green, Charles T. Gliny, Esq., C.E., of Dundalk, to Alice Fanny, second daughter of the late John Clarke, Esq.
July 14, in Holyrood Church, Clonmel, the Rev. John Hemphill, curate of Moyne, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the Rev. H. B. Hulest.
In Roscommon, Richard, son of the late Rev. John Garrett, vicar of Emlyfad, Sligo, to Ellen Dillon, daughter of George Knox, Esq., B.M. for Roscommon.
July 15, at St. John's Church, Limerick, Eliza Mary Collis, of Claremont Villa, and granddaughter of the late Henry Collis, Esq., High Sheriff of Limerick, to James William Kinsley, Esq., Lieutenant in the 28th Regiment.
July 9, at the parish chapel, Slieveau, James Nowlan, Esq., of Kilkenny, to Honoria Walsh, eldest daughter of the late Edmund Walsh, Esq., of Kilmuckick, Kilkenny.
At St. Michael's Chapel, Limerick, Malachy Ryan, Esq., Upper Glenworth street, to Miss Dorothy Spearing, daughter of the late Mr. Spearing, Rathkeale.
July 9, in Aggle Church, Cork, Robert William Moore, Esq., to Ellen Harris, daughter of the late James Cross, Esq., of Clonohy.
At St. Mary Magdalene, the Lord Robert Gascoigne, Esq., M.P., to George Caroline, daughter of the late Hon. Baron Alderson.
At Trinity Church, London, Robert Neville, Captain H. M.'s 11th regiment, son of the late Brent Neville, Esq., of Aston, Dublin, to Emma, daughter of Wm. H. C. Brown, Esq., of Tilney, Norfolk, and Aghemere, Kilkenny.

DEATHS.

At Rosebank, Merville, John Irvine, Esq., surgeon, B.N., aged 72 years.
July 16, at Booterstown avenue, in the 46th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, Bridget, the wife of Matthew Magrath, 15 Townsend street, Dublin.
June 28, at her residence, 11 West street, Le Hill, Liverpool, after a few days' illness, aged 46 years, Mrs. Catherine Henley, formerly of the city of Dublin.
July 14, at Limerick, Bernard McNulty, Esq., aged 68 years an old respected citizen, deeply regretted by his family and friends.
July 9, at her residence, Mount Collyer Park, Jane, relict of Alexander Mackay, Jun., Esq., proprietor of the Belfast News-Letter.
In Limerick, Miss Grace Simpson, daughter of the late Thomas Simpson, Esq., Kilmac, county Clare.
July 9, at Cork, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Richard Copinger, Esq.
July 11, at Upper William st., Limerick, Capt. John Sandwith, Commander of the steam ship European.
July 11, at Rathfriland, after a lingering illness, Harriet Mary, the beloved daughter of Joseph White, Esq., 7 Upper Knockinglass street, Dublin.
July 16th, in Wickham street, Limerick, at an advanced age, Mr. Michael M'Donnell, for many years in the employment of the Messrs. Russell.
In Mary street, Waterford, deservedly esteemed and greatly regretted, Sarah, the beloved wife of Thomas White Jacob, Esq.
July 7, Mrs. Jas. Ryan, of Claghannon, Tipperary.
July 8, in Borkinacoe, Marian Frances, wife of Mr. John Redial, of that town, and daughter of Mr. Edward Guerin, Nenagh, at the early age of 21 years.
July 10, in Clonmel, after a few days' illness, Mr. Michael Deane, Deputy Clerk of the co. Tipperary.
July 8, at Cork, the Countess Charlotte, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Case, of Shannons Cross, Sligo, and daughter of the late Mr. Henry Case, of Shannons Cross, Sligo.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

SWISS CATTLE.—Almost every cow in Switzerland has a large bell suspended round her neck; and in passing along the valleys or wooded slopes of the mountains, it is very pleasing to hear the continuous tinklings of these bells from a large herd, more especially when approaching, as they often do, from a considerable distance. The finest black cow is adorned with the largest bells, and the two next in appearance wear smaller ones. Early in the spring, when a herd is removed to the Alps, or some change takes place in the pastures, the herdsman dresses himself in all his finery, and singing the "Ranz des Vaches," is followed by three or four fine goats; next comes the choicest cow, adorned with the great bell; then come the next two in estimation with the smaller bells; and these are succeeded by the rest of the herd, walking one after another, and having in their rear the bull, with a one legged milking-stool on its horns; the procession being closed by a sledge bearing the various implements of the dairy. It is surprising to see the pride and pleasure with which the cows stalk forth when ornamented with their bells; and though it might hardly be expected that such animals should be sensible of their rank, and affected by vanity and jealousy, yet such appears to be actually the fact. If the leading cow is deprived of her honors, she indicates her sense of her disgrace by lowing incessantly, abstaining from food, and losing condition. On the other hand, the happy rival on whom the badge of superiority has devolved, becomes the object of her vengeance, and is butted, wounded, and persecuted by her in a furious manner, until she regains her bell, or is entirely removed from the herd.

COACHES.—The use of coaches was introduced in England by Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, A.D. 1580; before which time Queen Elizabeth, on public occasions, rode behind her chamberlain; and she in her old age, according to Wilson, used reluctantly so effeminate a conveyance as a coach. They were at first drawn only by two horses, "but," says the same author, "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea." It was Buckingham, the favorite, who (about 1619) began to have them drawn by six horses, which, as another historian says, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palfreys, or double, behind some person, on a pillion. In the year 1672, at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charter-house, urging their suppression, and amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance, the author says, "These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the conveyance of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, as makes them uneasy ever after."

DEADFUL ACCIDENT AT SHREWSBURY.—A grand horticultural and musical *fete* was given at Shrewsbury recently, and in the evening a display of fireworks took place, which was witnessed by vast crowds. The scene of the festivities was a place called the Island of Poplars. This island is formed by the windings of the Severn, and a floating bridge had been constructed to connect the island with the main land. At about ten o'clock at night, as a vast crowd was passing the bridge, the planking gave way, and numbers of persons were immersed in the stream, and, unfortunately, several persons lost their lives. Eleven bodies had been found, but very many more, it is learned, have been the unfortunate victims of this most untoward and distressing accident. The accident is supposed to have been occasioned by the river, which was much swollen, having drifted away one of the barges which supported the flooring of the bridge, and there, unfortunately, being a great crowd of persons rushing over at the moment, the planking was not able to sustain their weight when the support was withdrawn from underneath it.

THE FIRST FEMALE ACTORS.—The received tradition is, that Mrs. Sanderson, who belonged to D'Avenant's company, was the first English actress. She performed *Ianthe*, in the "Siege of Rhodes," when it was first acted as a regular drama, on the opening of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, in April, 1662, on which occasion painted scenery was also, for the first time, introduced. Mr. Malone, however, asserts that the first woman who appeared in any regular drama on a public stage, performed the part of *Desdemona*; but he has not been able to ascertain who the lady was. In order to claim precedence of Mrs. Sanderson, she must necessarily have played that character before April, 1662.

UNFOUNDED ALARM.—Here is another illustration of the old truism, how "Conscience makes cowards of us all." One of the Directors of the British Bank, who is still at large, was going into the Sheepshanks' Collection, at the South Kensington Museum, when he overheard an artist say that there were "six Constables in the room." He instantly took alarm, and ran away as fast as he could. In fact, like one of his own bills, we believe he has not stopped running yet.

A SERVICEABLE RAT.—A close observation of these animals entirely conquers the antipathy which is entertained towards them. Their sharp and handsome heads, their bright eyes, their intelligent looks and their sleek skins are the very reverse of repulsive, and there is positive attraction in the beautiful manner in which they sit slicking their paws and washing their faces. A writer on rats in Bentley's *Miscellany* relates an anecdote of a tame rat, which shows that he is capable of serving his master as well as of passive existence under his protection. The animal belonged to the driver of a London omnibus, who caught him as he was removing some hay. He was spared because he had the good luck to be piebald, became remarkably tame, and grew attached to the children. At night he exhibited a sense of the enjoyment of security and warmth by stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, and on nights, after the fire was extinguished, he would creep into his master's bed. In the daytime, however, his owner utilized him. "At the word of command, 'Come along, Ikey,' he would jump into the ample great coat pocket, from which he was transferred to the boot of the omnibus. Here his business was to guard the driver's dinner, and if any person attempted to make free with it, the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which he was an inefficient protector. He never could resist plum pudding, and though he kept off all other intruders, he ate his fill of it himself.

ORIGIN OF GREYNA-GREEN MARRIAGES.—The first person who twined the bands this way is supposed to have been a man named Scott, who resided a few miles from Gretna, about 1750 or 1760. He was accounted a cunning *chiel*, but few people knew more of him. His successor was one Gordon, an old soldier, and he invariably appeared at the marriage ceremony in an antiquated military costume, wearing a large cocked-hat, jack-boots, and a ponderous sword. When interrogated by what authority he joined persons in wedlock, he boldly answered, "I have a special license from government, for which I pay fifty pounds a year." He was never very closely pressed upon this subject, and a delusion prevailed that he really had a privilege of the kind. Upon his death, or vacation of office, several individuals set up in the same line, but the most successful was one Joseph Paisley, who, in defiance of such opposition, secured the lion's share of the business. It was he who obtained the appellation of the "Old Blacksmith," probably from the mythological conceit of Vulcan being employed to rivet hydraulic chains. Paisley was first a smuggler, and afterwards a tobacconist, but never, at any time, a blacksmith. He commenced his matrimonial career about 1789; and, during the latter part of it, whenever called upon to officiate, he walked the street dressed in his canonicals with all the dignity of the mitre.

THE FARMERS OF BELGIUM.—The farmers of Belgium are a hard-working class of men—in the habit of laboring their farms, and generally ignorant of every other subject but their profession. But in it truly they show rare sagacity and experience; and though unaided by, and almost despising the light of science, they discover in some parts of their system of agriculture a perfection to which science has never yet guided the farmers of this or any other country. When we look back to the ancient grandeur of Belgium, when its cities were the marts and factories of Europe, and consider the consequent increase of population in a country naturally unproductive, we will discover a sufficient stimulus to excite the energies of a people gifted by nature with an indomitable perseverance and unwearied industry. This disposition, as well as its effects—their agriculture—has been handed down to the present generation of farmers, and still manifests itself in many operations which the negligent farmer would consider unprofitable, or at least superfluous; and it is from this praiseworthy industry that Belgium, comparatively a poor country, is considered by strangers as unrivalled in the salubrity of its climate and the fertility of its soil, and that the great part of the kingdom is prevented from returning to its original barrenness. —*Journal of Agriculture.*

RUSSIAN COTTON MILL.—A letter from St. Petersburg says: "The *Journal Inland* announces that the first stone of a vast cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving manufactory has just been laid in the Isle of Cronholm. The ceremony took place with a good deal of pomp, in the presence of General Baron de Krudener, and of a large crowd of spectators. The manufactory, it is said, will be the largest in the world. A carpenter has contracted to supply 1,672 window frames. The establishment is to be lighted by from 15,000 to 20,000 gas burners—a greater number than St. Petersburg can boast of. Between sixty and eighty vessels are to be constantly occupied in conveying cotton to the island, and the minimum number of workmen of the manufactory has been fixed at 3,000. The whole is to be completed in three years, but the spinning of cotton is to commence within a year. The capital is divided into shares, all of which have been subscribed.

DEATH OF THE "MAID OF SARAGOSSA."—The Madrid journals announce the death, at Cueta, of Augustina Zaragoza, who, when very young, distinguished herself greatly in the memorable siege of Saragossa by assisting the artillery men in the very thickest of the fight and firing on the French. For her services on this occasion she was made a sub-lieutenant of infantry in the Spanish army, and received several decorations. She was buried at Cueta with all the honors due to her memory.

FIVE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.—The *Journal Viennois* contains the following recital: "A little girl about nine years of age, residing at Châtouney (Vienne), was employed to take three goats to browse in the neighboring wood. About ten days ago she went out as usual with her little flock, but did not return in the evening, nor on the next two days, and considerable alarm was felt. Five days after her disappearance, a woodman belonging to the commune found the child lying among some brushwood, with her head supported on one arm, and the goats standing round her as if mounting guard for her protection. The face of the child was livid, and at the first glance he supposed her to be dead. On lifting her up, the man found that she still breathed. She was conveyed to the house of a farmer near, where every attention was paid her, and she soon recovered. On the day of her disappearance, a severe thunderstorm had come on, and in alarm the poor child had wandered into the thickest part of the wood, and having lost her way, had fallen down from fatigue, and remained there exposed to hunger and cold for five days, until found."

THE RESIDENCE OF ROYALTY.—No one, we are sure, can constantly pass Buckingham Palace without being struck by the curious anomalies that are to be seen about the residence of royalty. One's ideas of regal state are sadly upset by seeing hack cab No. 2,001, drive up to her Majesty's front door; and we were really shocked on the day of the Princess Beatrice's christening, when all the carriages were whirling away from the palace, to see a man, in very dirty shirt sleeves, wheeling a dilapidated barrow, emerge from the quadrangle; and we had not got over that sight when a common public watering-cart, under the charge of the most knock-to-pieces old fellow, in a stout white smock frock, coolly drove into the quadrangle, and was allowed to water it without even a policeman interfering, to say nothing of his being permitted to pass by the sentries. Again, observe the looking-glasses in the bed-room windows of the magnificent building: why, judging from the backs of them, they are not a bit more beautiful than our own; indeed, they are not so good.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.—This name is given to a portion of the high lands of Buckinghamshire, known by the name of the Chiltern Hills. Formerly these hills were covered with timber, and are said to have afforded shelter to numerous banditti. To put these down, and to protect the inhabitants of the neighboring parts from their depredations, an officer was appointed under the crown, called "the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." The duties have long since ceased, but the nominal office is retained for a convenient purpose. As the law now stands, a member of the House of Commons, who is not in any way disqualified, cannot resign his seat. A member, therefore, who wishes to resign, accomplishes his object by applying for the office of "Steward to the Chiltern Hundreds of Stoke, Desborough, and Bodenham," which being held a place of honor and profit under the crown, vacates the seat, and a new writ is in consequence ordered. As soon as the office is obtained, it is resigned. It is in the gift of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A DISAPPOINTED COUPLE.—The new law against Gretna Green marriages appear not to have come within the "ken" of all whom it may concern. A couple of English runaways arrived at Murray's the other day, and requested his former reverence to tie the Gordian knot. Murray informed them that the law had rendered the operation so difficult now that it would require fourteen days' preparation to do it. Another couple (Scotch) on the same doubtful errand, happened to be within hearing of this remark, which had no sooner escaped Murray's lips than the fair one fainted, and her loving swain had well nigh followed her example. Restoratives were applied, but the young lady did not become convalescent until Murray had informed her that the harsh law only applied to the Southerners, not to the canny Scots, and he proved his words by uniting the couple. The others were obliged to go away as they came. —*Carlisle Patriot.*

A HINDOO FUNERAL.—When the Hindoo is dead, his body is laid on a bier; he is carried usually to the sea or river, where the funeral pile is ready prepared. His face is exposed. Over the corpse is thrown a white cloth, on which many flowers are strewn. Before the body is taken to be burnt, it is anointed with a ghee or clarified butter. Arrived at the side of the water, the nearest relation sets fire to the pile, which is soon in a blaze. It takes three hundred pounds' weight of wood to consume the body of an adult, ceremonies are numerous, and a description of them would fill a chapter. The ashes are afterwards thrown into the river or sea, and more ceremonies go on, called "Shradh," which consists of rites for the repose of the soul of the departed; it is strictly attended to, and often costs a great deal of money, priests receiving very handsome presents from the relations.

HOW TO QUARREL WITH YOUR WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet, preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and winding up with a remark that you never knew but *one* girl who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her, then. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

YOUNG BERKELEY AND THE DEER.—In 1808 the Earl, who then held the title (Berkeley), was walking with his little son, when he was set upon by an American deer, whose horns he seized with both hands, bravely keeping fast hold, after he was thrown down and trampled upon by the furious beast. In this critical position he called out to the child not to be afraid—to take from his pocket a knife, stab the deer, or, if he could, cut his throat. The boy obeyed—searched his father's pocket, found the knife, and went to work upon the throat of the deer. But the noble child's courage was greater than his strength, and he could not sever the beast's windpipe. Nevertheless, he quailed not, but dealt the brutal assailant of his father so many stabs given with a will, that, weakened by loss of blood, it was fain to make the best of its way from the struggle, just as the Earl was all but exhausted. —*Fraser.*

SEEING A SIGHT.—On the 30th of April, 1789, Baunister recited for his benefit an address written by Colman, entitled, "British Loyalty; or, a Squeeze for St. Paul's," in commemoration of the recovery of George III. from his alarming illness. In acknowledgment of his restoration, the sovereign, with characteristic piety, repaired to St. Paul's on St. George's Day, to render thanks for his deliverance. A noble procession attended him, and a brilliant illumination took place at night. A day or two subsequently, his Majesty, in conversation with Sir William Beechey, inquired if he witnessed the sight. "I did, sir," was the reply. "And from where?" asked the King. "From a house at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard." "I wish I had been there too," rejoined the Monarch; "for I saw nothing but the broad scarlet and gold shouldered of my coachman."

SUICIDE OF A CHILD.—A girl named Rosamond Onley, aged eleven years, jumped into the river near Barning-bridge, Maidstone, and was drowned. It seems that she had committed some offence, and her mother was about to beat her for it, when she ran off towards the river, which is nearly half a mile distant from her parent's house. The mother pursued her, and threatened to severely punish her. At length the child reached the river's bank, and was seen to jump in immediately. An alarm was given, and a man endeavored to save her, but when she was got out it was found that she was quite dead. An inquest was held the same day, and a verdict of drowned herself under years of discretion was returned.

SELF-REFORM.—Judge Burnet, son of the famous bishop of that name, was, when young, of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humor, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the bishop; "what are you ruminating upon?" "A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Aye! what is that?" asked the father. "The reformation of myself, my lord," replied the son.

THE REPORT CORRECTED.—Voltaire and Piron were mortal enemies, and to their great embarrassment, they met one day at the country-house of a mutual friend. Piron got up early, went to Voltaire's door, and wrote upon it the word "rogue." At breakfast-time Voltaire advanced towards Piron, and smilingly observed, "I thank you for showing your interest in my welfare, by leaving your card at my door this morning."

The Danube was called by the first Napoleon, "the King of Rivers." The large rivers of America are certainly greater in extent, but they have not attaching to them the same interest, either for the tourist, the antiquarian, the imagination of the poet, or the researches of the historian. The Danube is the chief river of Germany, and second only to the Volga in Europe. Its broad and beautiful stream is distinguished from the Rhine by its vast forests spreading down to the water's edge from the summits of high mountains, which confine the river on both sides; and in addition to the picturesque ruins of ancient castles, it is diversified with numerous monasteries, palaces in extent and splendor, and mighty monuments of ecclesiastical wealth and power. That part of the Danube which meets the observation of the traveller as he rounds the point crowned with the triplet-towered castle of Tricula, is peculiarly picturesque.

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at length overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty, but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues; "if he had had eighteen pence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."

A fearful murder was committed at Sierra Leone, on the night of the 14th May, when Captain Parsons, of the 1st West India Regiment, entered the room of Lieut. Watson, of the 3d West India Regiment, and, lifting the mat, shot him dead while asleep in bed. On the previous night, at a public entertainment, Captain Parsons played *Othello*, Lieut. Watson played *Cassio*, and the part of *Desdemona* was played by Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who appears to have been the unfortunate cause of this sad catastrophe.

A firm in Sheffield has taken an order for 40 tons of rolled steel for crinoline, and a foreign order has been given for one ton a week for several weeks.

The new legislative body of France contains three members of the Jewish persuasion.

HOME MISCELLANY.

STEAMBOATS IN 1811.—The year 1811 was an important one in the history of Pittsburgh. In that year was built the first steamboat for the navigation of the Western waters. The construction of this boat was the first step to the fulfillment of a prediction made by John Fitch, of Philadelphia, who was probably the first inventor of steamboats; he having conceived the design in 1785, and carried it into execution in 1788. He died in the West in 1799, and was buried near the Ohio. Previous to leaving the East, he wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library, to be opened thirty years after his death. These volumes were opened in 1833, and in them he confidently predicts the success of his plan. He prophesies that in less than a century the Western rivers will be swarming with steamboats, and expresses a desire to be buried on the banks of the Ohio, "where the music of the steam-engine may soothe his spirit, and the song of the boatmen enliven the stillness of his resting-place."

WANT OF LABOR IN DEMERARA.—News from Georgetown, Demerara, states that a royal ordinance has been passed appropriating the sum of \$25,000 for the purpose of promoting the immigration of able-bodied laborers from Madeira or the Canary Islands. Like all the other British West India colonies, Demerara is suffering severely from the want of a sufficient supply of hands for field cultivation; and a recent debate which took place in the Legislature shows to what shifts the local executive and home government have been put in order to supply the void. It appears that large depots have been established in India, where coolies are bought up for a trifle, and shipped in such a hurried and unfeeling manner, for Georgetown, that a large percentage of the unfortunates die before the end of the voyage. Others arrive in such a sickly state that they inhabit the hospitals for two years after landing.

ATTACKED BY A MAD BULL.—On the morning of the 10th July, William E. Wheat, of Oberlin, Ohio, was seriously injured by the "goring of an unlucky bull of his." Just as Mr. Wheat had finished milking a cow, the bull attacked him unawares, and so suddenly that he was immediately prostrated upon the ground, and the concussion of the onset was prolonged by the effort of the animal while in that position; the head between the horns coming upon the upper portion of the right side of the chest, with such force as to fracture quite extensively three or four of the ribs. Fortunately the skin was not broken, so that there is no communication externally with the cavity of the chest. His prospects for recovery are comparatively favorable, considering the nature of the injury. The animal was two years old and weighed eleven hundred pounds.

EXTRAORDINARY BEE HIVES.—The inmates of one of our largest up town mansion houses, a few days since were surprised to find a large number of bees flying about in two of the upper rooms. As the little fellows continued to occupy the places, a bee naturalist was sent for to investigate the matter. On entering one of the rooms he exclaimed—"You have honey somewhere here," and proceeded to search for it. On removing the fireboard he discovered that one fue of the chimney was full of honey-comb which was hanging down into the fireplace, and the honey dropping from it; proceeding to the top of the house to sound the chimney, he found the fue full of the comb to the top, and the bees still at work. In the other room he found it the same; one fue of the chimney was full, and the bees were industriously at work there also.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—About a week ago, says the New Orleans *Picayune* of the 14th ult., a strange case of love at first sight occurred on the airy balconies of the Jefferson Hotel, at the lake terminus of the Carrollton and Jefferson Railroad. The lady was young and fair, with bright lustrous eyes, and a wealth of raven curls; and as she stood looking out on the zephyr-ruffled waters of Lake Ponchartrain, she seemed almost divine. Wonder not, then, that she made a deep and lasting impression on the susceptible heart of R—. Before returning to the city, he sought an introduction, which, in the course of three days, ripened into an intimacy and an avowal of eternal love. His passion was returned; his proposition that they twain should become "one flesh" was accepted, and yesterday they left the city on a matrimonial tour.

THE SCARLET LETTER.—A curious illustration of an old mode of punishment, immortalized by Hawthorne in his "Scarlet Letter," occurs in one of the earliest volumes of the records of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. Under date of March 4, 1633, "It is ordered that R. Coles, for drunkenness, by him committed at Rocksburry, shall be disfranchised, wear about his neck, and so to hang upon his outward garment a D, made of red cloth, and set upon white, to continue this for a year, and not to leave it off at any time when he comes among company, under the penalty of ten pounds for the first offence, &c." * * * Hester Prynne, the heroine of Hawthorne's story, it will be remembered, wore the letter A, the initial letter of her offence.

A BROAD HINT.—The editor of the St. Paul *Pioneer*, upon entering his room lately, found upon the editorial table an elaborately wrought and well-shaped bowie knife. The next morning he found in the same place a cow-hide. Both articles had been placed there in his absence by an unknown hand.

A NOVEL SPECULATION.—Among the latest items of news from Havana is the following: "One of the most curious speculative movements in which, since the day of joint-stock companies, our neighbors have engaged, is the organization of a company for the purpose of encouraging the growth of cotton. The capital of the company is put down at \$8,000,000, divided into 4,000 shares of \$2,000 each. They propose to buy up all the cotton-growing lands of the island—especially such as are unfit by nature or otherwise for the growing of sugar—and put them at once under cultivation. The company also proposes to engage in cotton manufactures. The movers speak with confidence of their enterprise, which they assure us has the approval and encouragement of the government."

HORSE THIEVES LYNCHED AND SHOT.—In Iowa, at Anamosa, a man who had been convicted of stealing a horse was taken from a constable's house by a mob of sixty unknown and somewhat disguised men, and hung. No traces of the perpetrators have been discovered, but it is supposed they came from the section of country lying southwest of the place. Another man, who refused to tell his name, or the place from whence he hailed, stole a horse at Iowa City and took him to Galena, and there sold him at auction, and then stole another from Galena. He was pursued into the country, and shot by a Galena policeman, so that he cannot recover.

AN OLD DRUM.—On the 4th of July the editor of the *Millidgeville (Ga.) Recorder* had in his hands a drum that was beaten at the battles of Saratoga, Cowpens, and Eutaw Springs. The Savannah Volunteer Guards are the fortunate possessors of this revolutionary relic, rendered more sacred and dear to the American soldier from the fact that in each battle victory perched upon the American standard. To give vent to his patriotic feelings at the pleasing incident, the editor drank to the memory of the old patriot who beat that drum in the "times that tried men's souls."

ROMANTIC WEDDING.—A pair of Mississippi lovers, living in the vicinity of Friar's Creek, a few days since bethought themselves of getting married. Having procured a license, they set out on horseback. They soon came up to a person "sitting" on a fence—It seems he did something occasionally at farming—and requested him to "solemnize the sacred rights of matrimony at once." The parson finally consented, and he, sitting on the fence and they on their horses, the sacred rite was "solemnized," after which they went on their way rejoicing.

A SILVER STATE.—The projected territory of Arizona is reported to be as richly endowed with silver as California is with gold diggings. The Gadsden purchase, if all the reports from that quarter should prove true, will be almost as valuable an addition to our territory as California. The Illinois, on her last passage, brought among her freight several packages of silver from that supposed desert, which are represented as being very rich.

SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF MINNESOTA.—The application for a *mandamus* for the removal of the capital from St. Paul to St. Peters has been refused by Judge Wilson, who decided that, after the Government and the Legislative Assembly had established the temporary seat of government at St. Paul, their power was exhausted, and they have no authority to locate it at another place.

GALLANT CORPORATION.—The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* says the city fathers of that town have widened the distance between the posts at the entrance of the Common, for the accommodation of the hoop-wearers, who have been unable to get thereupon since the lately-increased breadth of their skirts beyond the diameter of four feet.

AN UNMATTRIMONIAL TOWN.—Among the noticeable features of the recent Registration Report of Massachusetts is the singular and somewhat melancholy fact, that in one town—Hancock, Berkshire County—there was not a single marriage during the years 1854 and 1855. This town numbers 848 inhabitants.

TURNED TO A USEFUL PURPOSE.—A correspondent says that the Fremont and Dayton flag used at Stockbridge, Madison Co., during last fall's campaign, has been hung up this spring in a corn field as a "scare crow." Doubtless it proved efficacious, if crows know anything of politics.

The Oskaloosa (Iowa) *Times*, of July 16th, states that Judge Stone, on the 14th ultimo, opened a special term of his court at Montezuma, Poweshiek County, for the trial of Wm. B. Thomas, charged with the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Castell, who are supposed to have been murdered in consequence of their bodies having been discovered in the woods near Montezuma last fall. As soon as the court was opened, Thomas arose and asked for a change of venue, alleging that he could have no hopes for a fair trial in that excited and exasperated neighborhood. The court granted the change of venue. But no sooner had the decision been made, than a mob of two hundred armed persons seized the prisoner and took him out of the custody of the sheriff. They took him outside of the limits of the town and hung him without going through even the formalities of a mock trial. Judge Stone followed the mob, urging them to respect the laws, but at length had to leave the town to escape the same fate as the unfortunate prisoner. This makes the sixth man hung by mobs in Iowa during the last eight weeks.

Twenty-nine new bank charters will be applied for next season in Pennsylvania.

On the 9th July, a large bear was captured by Messrs. James and Gershom Levi, at Sherwood, fifteen miles from Chester. Mr. J. Levi's oxen were standing on the road, yoked, and the bear was spied by Mrs. Levi, pawing one of them. G. Levi ran with an axe, while his brother was loading a gun, and the animal made his way round the barn, and chased a flock of sheep towards those in pursuit. He then sprang over the fence of an adjoining field, where he saw another flock, when Mr. James Levi lodged a ball in him, and he was followed by Mr. Gershom Levi, who struck him two or three times with the axe, breaking the handle. The bear seized the blade with his mouth, in a very savage manner, and made a leap towards his antagonist, but his loss of blood was by this time so great, that he rolled over and ended his fray. He measured seven feet eight inches in length. —*Halfway Journal*.

The *Manchester American* has the particulars of the death of young Stowe, son of Prof. and Harriet Beecher Stowe, by drowning, at Hanover, N. H., on the 9th ult. He went into the water with several of his classmates to bathe, and after being in a few minutes became exhausted and cried out for help. His roommate and another young man went to his relief, but their efforts to save him were unavailing. Stowe sunk but once, and remained under water about twenty minutes before he was taken out. Life was not then extinct, but he was so far gone that he expired in a few moments. He was drowned only about four rods from the shore, and his body could be seen when lying at the bottom. The deceased was nineteen years of age, a fine scholar, and a youth of much promise.

A German and his wife committed suicide near Erie recently under peculiar circumstances. A very mean constable threatened the man, Shultz, with arrest if he would not give \$800, all his hard earnings, for some petty offence. Ignorant of the law, the poor German went out into the orchard with his wife—fastened the rope first to the neck of his wife, then climbing into the tree he passed it over a limb, adjusted it to his own neck, and then jumped downward, the movement suspending both and causing, probably, instant strangulation. We should be loth, says the *Buffalo Republic*, to carry about us the leaden weight of feeling which must fill the heart of the constable who was the author of this tragedy, if indeed such brutes are susceptible of human emotions.

The *Albany Atlas and Argus* reports the case of a young man named Francis W. Spencer, who was sentenced lately to two years in Clinton Prison for stealing a horse. He lives in Broome County, with his parents, and it appears that there he formed an attachment for some young girl, which was reciprocated. Impediments sprung up, &c.—in fact, the old story over again—and finally the girl went to Connecticut. To follow her, he stole the horse, intending to ride the animal as far as he could and then sell him, and take the cars or steamboat in search of his "particular star." He had hardly sold the horse before he was apprehended as a common horse thief and the above sentence was the sequel.

It is a general complaint that we are deluged by light literature of an irreligious and an immoral tendency. The only way to counteract its effects is, to create a Catholic literature, that, while affording instruction and amusement, will lead the heart of the reader to the love and practice of virtue. Yet, we have, comparatively, very few works of the kind. Why do not the many young persons of talent, that receive at our academies an instruction well calculated to fit them for the task, exert themselves for the good of religion and of literature?

Stanley, the artist, is now engaged in painting a historical subject—the discovery of the site where the city of Washington now stands. The discovery was made by Captain John Smith, who was the first white man that set foot on its shores. In the painting Captain Smith is represented as in the act of making a landing with his party, at what is now foot of Eighth street; this place is from the best authenticated accounts, being the point where he actually touched on his arrival, at the intersection of the Potomac and Anacostis.

The Delaware *Reporter* says that a large quantity of Spanish silver coin has been found under and about the wreck of a vessel on Phoenix Island, Maryland, just below the southeastern point of Delaware. The wreck is said to be that of a Dutch Galliot which was lost about fifty years since, having on board one million of dollars in specie. The excitement among the natives is said to be great. Crops are left untill, shops and stores are closed, and thousands of persons are on the wreck raking for silver.

Indianola, Texas, has "been thrown into a feverish state of excitement" by the elopement of a daughter of "one of the best citizens" with a youthful barber. They went to Texana and were married. The local newspaper reads a homily on the subject, running not very much against the elopement as against the "moral-lance," as though the barber had cut into the Texas aristocracy! There are many sham republican notions prevalent from one end of the Union to the other.

The Directors of the Ohio and Mississippi Road have recently appropriated \$300,000 for the purpose of fencing in the line, and thus facilitating travel and transportation, besides insuring additional safeguards to life and property.

A California paper states that Dr. Scott, pastor of a Presbyterian church in San Francisco receives the handsome salary of \$12,000 a year.

At one point in the Lake Superior mines they have worked up into an old Indian digging, and found a large mass of copper which had been hammered and worked a good deal by ancient miners. Stone hammers, decayed timber, charcoal, &c., were found in abundance in the pit. Some of the hammers were of extraordinary size, weighing from thirty to thirty-five pounds. The digging is of course sunk from the surface.

"Comet-Smashers" are all the rage at California just now. They take their name from the phenomenon which didn't appear, although its anticipation created some excitement in San Francisco, where one paper says, "the streets were thronged with people whose eyes were scanning the heavens, looking in all directions for that erratic visitor."

A man in Chicago, named Smith Cleavey, hearing a noise in his yard at night, went out with a revolver. He found an individual in his front yard personating a policeman. Together they searched the premises, found a chap hiding, whom the policeman arrested and walked off. That was all Cleavey saw of either, for they were accomplices.

They are earnestly agitating in Cincinnati in favor of city parks. The plan proposed is to purchase Burnett's woods, and Riddle's woods, embracing together some 330 acres, on the hills immediately north of the city, extending from the neighborhood of the head of Vine street to within a few hundred yards of the Brighton House.

The Vermont *Standard* reports that while the cadets of Norwich University were celebrating the Fourth at Woodstock, the University building was entered, and fifteen rooms occupied by students were broken open and their trunks robbed of all the money and jewelry they contained. Most of the articles were subsequently found in the attic.

There is said to be, in Manmouth County, N. J., an organized gang of men engaged in the business of gambling, passing counterfeit coin and bank bills, swindling, &c. They have confederates all over the State, and their operations are carried on systematically and with as much precision and regularity as any other organized company.

Gov. Grimes, of Iowa, has instructed the Sheriff of Clinton County, in that State, to have the persons arrested who have been engaged in lynching and hanging several men on a charge of horse-stealing. The Governor says if he cannot get a sufficient force in his own county, he is ready to call out the entire military force of the State if necessary.

That was a very pretty conceit of a romantic husband and father whose name was Rose, who named his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." The romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she married a man by the name of "Bull."

A curious case of human petrification recently came to light near Eaton, Ohio, where the body of a woman, on being removed for reinterment, was found to have changed into solid limestone, preserving a remarkable fullness and plumpness as of life. The weight of the body was estimated at about 600 pounds.

A Thibodaux (La.) paper says that the people in that vicinity complain much from a want of sleep, caused by the rapid growth of the cane and corn crops, keeping up such a noise and confusion as to render closing of the eye the next thing to an impossibility. The health of the country is distressing—to doctors.

On the last Sunday in June, Bishop Odin, of Texas, going from Powderhorn to Lavaca, in a sail vessel, was knocked overboard by the boom, and was in the water nearly twenty minutes, although he cannot swim. He was rescued in an insensible condition, and suffered a good deal afterward from the effects of the accident.

Mr. Valentine, a German bachelor, 45 years old, of virtuous habits, committed suicide in Cincinnati last week, a day or two before the time fixed for his marriage with a handsome young girl with whom he had been acquainted in Europe.

A heavy German lady, whose husband was engaged in a fight with another man—both the belligerents having fallen to the ground in a close embrace—deliberately sat down on the heads of the combatants! This was, in fact, putting an end to the fight.

A school-teacher named A. L. Morrison, who was married at Tipton, Ind., on the 7th ult., was arrested the same evening at Kokomo, on a charge of bigamy. He is said to have eight wives.

There are in the United States 1,518 distilleries, which manufacture 42,461,926 gallons of ale, 41,304 gallons of whiskey and high wines, and 6,500,000 gallons of rum.

The catch of fish off St. Johns, New Foundland, has been rather better than the average, thus far this season, and the business is going on prosperously.

The *Craesus* of Louisville, and indeed of Kentucky, is ex-Secretary Guthrie, whose property, chiefly in lands, pays an annual tax of over \$50,000.

The little town of Southampton, Conn., with a population of one thousand inhabitants, contains twelve manufactories, in which is invested a stock capital of nearly a million of dollars.

An eminent landholder of Illinois has offered a premium of \$50,000 for a practical steam-plow for the prairies.

The quantity of public lands sold and located in Wisconsin, to the present time, exceeds 9,000,000 acres.

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"Sigs" and "Ple-Nics" in our next.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 8, '57.

The subject of the letter signed "Hibernia" in another column, not less than the matter, should recommend it to our readers in Canada. The question of "Secret Societies" is as old as the Manichaeans and the Gnostics, in Christian communities, and the sooner it is canvassed by a properly enlightened public opinion in Canada, the better for the present happiness and future welfare of that promising country.

WHAT SHOULD BE THE FEELING IN THE UNITED STATES ON THE INDIAN AFFAIR?

No person who read the *Herald* of Sunday week last need be at a loss to answer this question, published in the *Herald* of the 1st inst., and followed by a proposal to enlist fifty thousand men in the name of commerce and civilization for the assistance of England in India. "Feeling in the United States" should be opposed to tyranny the world over, and we have the *Herald's* word for it, that, from the year 1757, when the East India Company deposed the Nabob of Bengal down to the presentation of the *koh-i-noor* to the Queen of England, in 1850, the government of the East India Company has been "a continuous scene of spoliation, deception and oppression, squeezing out of one hundred and thirty millions of the unfortunate natives the enormous annual revenue of over \$100,000,000, and whose enslavement they perpetuate by an army of 302,000 men." So far the *Herald* most appropriately answers its own query, and one might well be disposed to think that its suggestion to equip a force sufficient to sustain a despotism so atrocious, according to its own showing, as British rule in India, another of the many mirth-provoking jokes which it cracks daily at the ears of the public, in its character of Clown to the American press. An impression of this kind is still further strengthened by the *Herald's* quaint conceit that the "civilization" of the Hindoos is superinduced by debasement the most vile, and a system of government which has earned the reputation from its own countrymen "of having sold every monarch, prince and State in India, broken every contract, and ruined every State that trusted it." It is rendered still more certain by the *Herald's* inconsequential, and, if it were not said in joke, felonious-looking remark that our insignificant trade with India must disappear with British dominion, and that to secure a share of the proceeds we should, in the name of a common "Civilization," hold the hands of the Hindoo while the Englishman robs him.

Nay, the *Herald's* humor is placed beyond question by its mock-melancholy reflection that our commercial firm must be closed if the English one which competes with us in the carrying and bartering of the world sustain the loss of India, for no serious student of political economy, such as Henry C. Carey for instance, could ever seriously regard the

declension of British supremacy in commercial or financial affairs, as anything else than a godsend to the merchants of America. If we had no fertile soils—no minerals—no enterprise—no artisans—no Merchants' Marine, then, indeed, we would suffer as the Indian suffers when the Government fails to provide his yearly stipend, but with all these in abundance whatever intervenes between us and our customers, is a bar to our progress. England does this; England has always done this. The sooner she sinks in the scale of nations the larger will the young giant of America loom in politics, and the weightier will he grow in purse. To say the contrary is a happy way the *Herald* has for avoiding the truth and giving wings to its Fancy.

It has been said that the *Herald* evinces no humor, much less, wit, even in its happiest moods. They who say this are libellers. Tell us a better instance of real genuine, word-jollity than that in which it exclaims: that the "fall of England might quench European liberty for a whole century." You cannot do it—we defy you. That single saying would save it from conviction, if it stood in the dock charged with the two-faced crime of temerarious dullness. Such a saying in a mental manner suggests to the humor seeker the striking contrasts which Swiss scenery affords to the traveller in a practical one; and we drop our simile for the same reason that Sterne cut short his essay on "lying"—for fear that our staid selves should fall into a vein of pleasant hyperbole which we may admire in the *Herald*, but can never hope to imitate.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE—CATHOLIC READING.

The *Metropolitan* for August is before us. In original matter it is scarcely equal to its predecessors, but in selections and miscellany it fully sustains its well-earned reputation. The notice of Mr. McGee's "Life of Dr. Maginn" is a pleasing evidence of its conductors' fairness and candor; and, we doubt not, will be received by the many friends of that gentleman in the appreciative spirit with which it was written.

It often pains us to think of the small circulation of even our best Catholic publications, when we reflect upon the vast sea of noxious reading belched hourly from the Protestant press, and admitted, to a disheartening extent, into Catholic families. Surely, surely, such a magazine as the *Metropolitan* deserves precedence over *Harper's* or *Putnam's* on our side-tables, or in the hands of our children? And yet, for one Catholic family which receives the former, twenty, aye, fifty, support the latter. Whatever the press can do to prevent this strange misconception of duty on the part of parents has been done with a good will, but the evil is not sensibly diminished. It remains for the Clergy to act—not that they have been passive heretofore, but that they can effect in their several missions, what the best intentioned Editor must feel incapable of accomplishing.

Who shall say that the currency of Protestant magazines and newspapers in Catholic families has no connection with the rapidly increasing number of suicides with Irish and Catholic names? Twenty years ago a suicide with an Irish name was almost unheard of from year's end to year's end; and during the past week, alone, we have counted four, certainly Irish in their origin, and most probably Catholics in belief. We repeat, who shall say that the reading of demoralizing Protestant magazines and newspapers has no influence on the consciences of our self-murderers?

A CORRECTION.—"Among the mechanics employed at the Broadstone Terminus, was a James Spollen, a native of Lucan, a village four miles west of Dublin, a Roman Catholic."

The above item is going the rounds of our Protestant exchanges, and as it refers to the suspected murderer of Mr. Little we clip it out to contradict it. Spollen is neither a native of Lucan, nor a Roman Catholic. Wales deserves all the credit accruing from his birth; while any religious convictions which he entertains are shared in common with those who differ from us.

PRISON REPORTS.—The editor of the Louisville *Journal* having introduced Prison Reports as the tests of the comparative morality of Protestants and Catholics in the United States, we cannot, without waiting for his reply to our article of last week, spend a little space better than in showing the demerits of his standards of right and wrong, vice and virtue. Every Christian Government has taken care to guard its subjects against the imposition of false weights and measures, and we propose in our private behoof to show in a paragraph that the *Journal's* scales are not capable of deciding the question at stake.

Statute and Municipal Laws refer, and very naturally, to only a small number of those human frailties which the majority of men consider immoral. Prison Reports are, therefore, but very incomplete evidences of the crimes of a community, and to regard them as a competent test of public morals is practically to take a bunch of improprieties for the tree of evil. It is safe to say that one-half the crimes perpetrated are never known, and that one in every three criminals escapes conviction. Prison Reports show nothing of these crimes or criminals, and are in so far still more incomplete. Many Statistics are never enforced—such as that against Blasphemy. By this oversight the vast majority of our native population are kept out of Prison Reports, while it is notorious that Americans can "whip the world" in the different variations of that peculiar accomplishment. It is no argument to show that both Catholics and Protestants gain, on these accounts, so long as you cannot prove which, according to numbers, gains the more, for the matter to be decided is the propriety of taking Prison Reports as measures of a community's morals. But the defectiveness of prison reports is not the only charge we have against them. They are partial, if not owing to their writers' intention, certainly because they represent in a comparative manner very dissimilar classes. The dependent and necessitous masses of all lands appear most prominently in the records of prisons—not that riches, which often assists a scoundrel to evade punishment, develops morality—but because they form the majority in every state of society, and meet a Temptation in every Necessity. Great cities, besides, exceed the country according to the ratio of population to an enormous extent in furnishing subjects for our juries and jailors, and in these the immense majority of the least prosperous, for good reasons, in every instance, from Boston to New Orleans, and from New York to Chicago, are Catholics. How unfair, then, to classify the contributions of Catholic and Protestant to the criminal calendar as proceeding from classes either equal in number—we leave country populations to be compared with each other—or living under the same social circumstances? Of the 300,000 Catholics, and upwards, in this city at least 200,000 have a precious tenure of their lives, if men by chance labor, if women by service in families or demoralizing subterfuges against starvation, while of the 300,000 Protestants—we pass the remaining 150,000 of our population to the credit of Infidelity—there are not fifty, not thirty, not twenty thousands so innocent of good fortune as the 200,000 of our own belief. This fact stares you at every corner, and is just as apparent to the thoughtful, as Trinity steeple or the City Hall to those who saunter up Broadway. As in New York, so, in a less degree, throughout the Union. Prison Reports are therefore not only defective on account of what they do not show, but also partial in what they do show, and if we have no other gauge which the public will accept let us use them, Mr. *Journal*, if at all, with the proper reservations.

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.—New York has lost an accomplished writer in our friend, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, who has lately formed a connection with "The Press" of Philadelphia, and we hope that the city of "brotherly love" will fully appreciate its acquisition. Mr. Mackenzie possesses, in an eminent degree, the capacity to be agreeable in society, as he is pleasing and instructive in the walks of literature.

WHAT IS ORANGEISM, AND WHY ARE IRISH CATHOLICS OPPOSED TO IT?

Macaulay on the Policy of William III.—Canning on the Penal Code passed in the Reign of William.—Sir Robert Peel's Condemnation of Orangeism.—Dismissal of Colonel Percival and Verner from the Magistracy, Dolly's Brae.—Lord Roden and the Beers Dismissed from the Magistracy for Countenancing Orangeism.—The Edinburgh Review on Orangeism, &c., &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—*Apropos* to the recent disturbance in Montreal, and the still-existing excitement of the public mind in Canada, a few remarks on the nature of Orangeism and its recognized effects in countries where it has prevailed, may not be deemed amiss. Your readers even in the States may well be interested in the subject, for even there, this pernicious system exists in full vigor—if not in precisely the same form, at least in the same spirit and with the same object in view: Know-Nothingism and all the other Anti-Poperyisms which are now tearing the vitals of your young Republic are neither more nor less than offshoots from the baneful Orange Association which has for ages blighted the fair prospects of the Irish people and produced ruin, misery and bloodshed in a land as lovely and as fertile as ever the sun shone on.

Orangeism was instituted for the express purpose of commemorating the victory gained by William of Orange and his Dutchmen over the brave and chivalrous Catholics of Ireland who, true to their God and their rightful prince, threw themselves with characteristic devotion into the contest, responsive to the call of James the Second. They were defeated after a brave and protracted struggle—the gold of England and the stalwart arms of the Dutchmen at length succeeded—the Irish gentry and the Irish nobles lost their all in the contest,—the ever-memorable stand which they made in Limerick,—their last stronghold—resulted in a treaty which was to settle all grievances, and give peace once more to unhappy Ireland. That solemn compact was broken almost before the ink was dry on the parchment—persecution was resumed with more violence than ever, and as Macaulay, observed in a speech delivered by him in the House of Commons in 1844: "The policy of William III. and his advisers was . . . that the Irish Catholics were to live, multiply, and replenish the earth; but they were to be what the Helots were in Sparta, or the Greeks under the Ottoman, or what the man of color now is in the Southern States. The Catholic was to be excluded from every office of honor and profit; his every step in the road of life was to be fettered by some galling restriction." "The Penal Code," says the Hon. George Canning, "The penal code against the Catholics of Ireland, dated from the conquest, of that kingdom by William III. . . . From that Parliament emanated a series of laws, such as had not previously existed in the records of legislation—laws, the framers of which seemed to have taxed their imagination to find out the sore points of human nature to which they might apply them as corrosives."

Such being, on good Protestant testimony, the benefits conferred on Catholic Ireland by him whom Orangemen love to toast as of glorious, pious and immortal memory, is it any wonder that the annual commemoration of his conquest, and the perpetration of his execrable system of intolerance and persecution should be most galling to the heart and soul of every Irish Catholic? From the day when the hopes of Catholic Ireland were extinguished in blood on the fatal plains of Aughrim, on that ever-memorable 12th of July, every returning anniversary has brought dissensions and heart-burning, fire and blood and all manner of devastation to the hearts and homes of Irishmen, especially in Ulster, which has ever been the great stronghold of Orangeism. "The great misfortune of Ireland is," says the Rev. Sidney Smith, "that the mass of the people have been given up for a century to a handful of Protestants, by whom they have been treated as Helots, and subjected to every species of persecution and disgrace." "And yet this is the state of things, this the noxious weed of Irish growth, which Orangemen in their madness would transplant to the young soil of America—nay, into the noble regions north of the St. Lawrence where civilization and colonization were the work of Catholic Frenchmen. Even to the peaceful and remote provinces of Lanouvelle France the Orangemen

* Macaulay's Speech on the State of Ireland, 1844.

† Canning's speech in the House of Commons on the Roman Catholic Disability Removal Bill, March 16th, 1821.

‡ Edin. Review, Art. Ireland, 1820.

of Ireland would follow their Catholic countrymen, with that fell spirit of persecution, and insult, and aggression from which they thought to escape in quitting their own beloved land. Forbid it law, and justice and religion!

But forsooth! the organs of Orangism—for it has organs who are not ashamed to defend it—make a great parade of loyalty towards—we suppose—the reigning house. They boast, too, of the perfect legality of the Association. Well! let us examine a few witnesses and cite a few facts from the annals of English-Irish Legislation, just to show how Orangism was considered by the statesmen of England. Orangemen are in the habit of speaking of Sir Robt. Peel as one of their patrons. Now in looking over the speeches of that eminent man, (than whom Protestant England has hardly produced an able legislator,) we find him year after year, putting on record his utter disapproval of all such associations, and of this one in particular.

On the 29th of November, 1814, a motion being made by Sir John Newport for the production of papers relating to the Orange Associations of Ireland, Mr. Peel, in the course of the debate, said: "He remembered that there was a volunteer corps in the North of Ireland, mostly Orangemen, who, in the exuberance of their loyalty, committed some excesses on the 4th of November last—that corps had since been disbanded." This latter announcement was very significant. Again we find Mr. Secretary Peel, on the 5th of March, 1823, in another debate on the ORANGE SOCIETIES OF IRELAND, expressly declaring that "during the whole of his official duties in Ireland, he had never once recognized any Orange Society." He also stated then and there that he did not approve of the institution of Orange Societies in England, or think that any good was likely to result from their proceedings. He referred at the same time to a certain circular addressed on the 3d of July to the brigade-majors of yeomanry corps in Ireland. "It stated," he said, "that the Lord Lieutenant, being desirous to prevent animosity and rancor between the different parties of the country, desired that the yeomen might not be allowed to assemble on the 12th of July, unless for the purpose of military exercise." After some further remarks in reference to the measures under discussion, Mr. Peel said: "For instance, the procession on the day of the Battle of the Boyne, with the flags and the party music—how was that procession to be got rid of? . . . If he was a gentleman of Ireland, he would use all the influence of his station to induce the Orangemen to desist from any of those practices which were considered so objectionable by their Catholic countrymen." On a subsequent occasion (March 3d, 1825,) the same distinguished statesman expressed his satisfaction "that there was to be a complete end to Orange Societies in Ireland. With regard to the plea of loyalty (to which he gave implicit credit) he remarked that "no loyalty, on the part of the members of the lodges, could compensate for the evil of their existence." Again, in 1825, he repeated the same assertion, to wit, "that nothing could compensate for the existence of these associations." With respect to the loyalty of Orangism, Sir Robert Peel said: "The question, after all, was not as to the precise legality of these associations. It was possible that associations might strictly conform to the law, and yet, that all the evils to which they gave birth, might be lasting. These evils would not be procured by making them conformable to the law, because the real danger was not the breach of the law, but the encouragement and dissemination of angry feelings. . . . He had always been of opinion, that the best mode of proceeding with reference to them, (the Orange Societies,) was to adopt that tone which would not only induce them to conform to the law, but which would enable them to form some sense of the danger of encouraging angry feelings, and the memory of feuds, which were no longer called for, and which ought to be buried in oblivion."

From all these reiterated assertions, scattered over a period from 1814 to 1835, it will be seen that Sir Robert Peel was consistently and uniformly opposed to the existence of Orange Societies, which we find specified in a parliamentary motion as "Societies founded on exclusive and unconstitutional principles."

We also find his late Majesty, William the Fourth, expressly forbidding the establishment of Orange lodges in the British army. Why this step, if it was not considered by that prince

and his advisers a mischievous institution, fraught with discord and dissension? Again, who does not remember the indignant commotion excited amongst all well-disposed subjects of the British realm, by a certain rumor—generally believed to have some substantial foundation—that the Orangemen were concocting a reasonable design of changing the succession in favor of their Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of the present Queen, then the young princess Victoria? What sort of loyalty was this? Another notable instance of Orange loyalty was the memorable attack on the Marquis of Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the Theatre Royal Dublin. The Orangemen having taken it into their heads that the noble Marquis was rather just and impartial for their liking, raised a cry of "Papist Government" against his administration, and took every opportunity, public and private, of insulting and annoying him. On the occasion to which I would especially refer, they actually packed the theatre by subscription, kept up during the whole evening a series of discordant cries, groans, hisses, shaking of watchmen's rattles, and all other such means of annoyance, and finally flung a bottle and certain other missiles at the head of Lord Wellesley, some of which he narrowly escaped. For this disgraceful outrage three of the ringleaders were tried in Dublin, and it was fully proved on their trial that their intentions had been of the most murderous kind—nothing less than effecting the death of the Viceroy. This was surely a fine specimen of Orange loyalty.

To say the truth the British government has, of late years, done everything in its power to discountenance and put down the Orange Societies. Several of the Irish Viceroy's were honorably distinguished for their upright and most praiseworthy exertions. "Lord Mulgrave (afterwards Marquis of Normanby) unquestionably acted his part with a fearless spirit. His government was a continued warfare against the powerful Orange system. He dismissed from the Magistracy Colonel Verner and Colonel Perceval. . . . Both were the leading Orangemen of Ireland. Colonel Verner was dismissed for having given at an election dinner the toast of *The Battle of the Diamond*, as commemorative of the conflict in 1795, between the Catholics and Orangemen in the North—in which the latter were victorious." Verner's dismissal gave great offence to the Orangemen. A few stanzas from a poem published at the time will give an idea of their sentiments:

"The Battle of the Diamond!"

(Far let the watchword fly,
Where covenanted rebels crouched
Upon the earth to die
Slain by devoted men and true,
Who fought with heart and blade;
And slaughtered in their ambush vile,
By swords they had betray'd.

"The Battle of the Diamond—
We'll boast it well and wide—
Shamed rebels! let it rouse alike
Their passion and their pride!
And if the coward ne'er again,
Fling wide the traitor's door,
We'll meet them, and we'll battle them
And vanquish as before.

"The Battle of the Diamond!
And would they stay the toast?
We dare them with their moloch power
And with their million'd host.
Lo! at the shadow of a soul,
The robbers quail beneath
The Battle of the Diamond!
We drink it in their teeth.

"Let puny rulers fill with spite
Spite a measure o'er and o'er,
Still shall it be in Ireland
A toast for evermore!"

There is loyalty and obedience to the laws!—there is the system with which Canadian rulers (puny rulers?) are now coquetting, ignorant of, or indifferent to its deadly venom.

Again, on a more recent occasion, Lord Roden and two other Orange magistrates named Beers were dismissed, the former for receiving an address from the Orangemen in Tullymore Park on the 12th of July, the latter for assisting in the Procession, and for their shameless conduct on the Bench during the legal investigation which followed the disastrous events of that day—the massacre of Dolly's Brae—last in the long, long series of Orange atrocities! Speaking in this connection the *Edinburgh Review* said: "that the practice of the (Orange) Society was to resort to every contrivance—by songs, speeches, party tunes, processions, emblems and mottoes—to insult and domineer over, to offend and irritate their Roman Catholic neighbors; and the result of its working was seen in outrages, murders, houses wrecked, villages destroyed, riots without number, law prevented, justice denied, and the animosity of the rival parties wrought up to madness."

* *Fagan's Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. II, p. 651.

With regard to this specious pretence of extra-loyalty, the same Protestant Reviewer very pertinently remarks: "It is, we trust, not necessary that Orangemen should be enrolled in Lodges and marched in processions, to prevent them from turning traitors."

With all this mass of evidence before us, Mr. Editor, and it might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, what are we to think of the men who attempt to bolster up Orangism in a new country like this—to set up a blood-stained Juggernaut from a far-off land, in our midst—a monster before which, in process of time, all Catholics would be forced to bow down, at least in terror? What are we to think of ministers who, to carry out their own little selfish objects, pet and caress this untameable young hyena, regardless of the misery which its growth would and will inflict on the country? What are we to think of journals, which, professing liberality, have not the manliness or the spirit to condemn this iniquitous system, or protest against its existence here? Their conduct is beneath contempt, and as such is regarded by all impartial and reasonable men.

Viewing Orangism, even in the imperfect sketch I have attempted, is it any wonder that Irish Catholics should resist its aggressions here? Who can blame them if their blood boils and their hearts swell with indignation at the sight of an Orange banner, hung out in broad day, on the Sabbath day, too, in a Catholic city, for the express purpose of taunting and exciting them? Truly they would be more or less than men if they did not resent it—it is neither more nor less than throwing down the gauntlet to them, and with their dreadful experience of what Orangism really is, they would be most execrable cowards—most drivelling fools not to resist, by every means in their power, the growth and spread of Orangism in this free country. If there be one particle of common sense or prudence in our present rulers they will see to this in time, ere the evil increases in power and magnitude, to an extent that may defy all attempts at suppression. Should the Irish Catholics ever be driven in these provinces to confederate together in self-defence, the country would only have to blame the puerile government that tampered with the Orange faction, against which the greatest statesmen of Britain waged a consistent warfare.

Yours, &c., HIBERNICA.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, BEDFORD BROOKLYN.

[COMMUNICATED]

Wednesday week, 22d ult., will long be remembered by the children and others attending the above schools as a day of joyous festivity. According to previous announcement the children congregated as early as half-past seven, A.M., when their Pastor, Rev. P. O'Neill, with other clergymen, together with the respective teachers, were prepared to meet them. The morning was lovely; and it was delightful to behold the cheerful countenances of the children, and the ease and facility with which the movements previous to and after the picnic were observed—no doubt characteristic of the care and attention which have by their worthy Pastor been uniformly paid to them. We should observe that the exterior walls of the schools were decorated with beautiful banners, having suitable inscriptions such as "In Hoc Signo Vincas," centred with crosses of various designs; "The Saint Joseph's Sunday School, Pacific street, Brooklyn," &c., &c. Not the least conspicuous of the adornments was a magnificent Mediaeval Irish Harp, surrounded with graceful wreaths of Shamrocks, which elicited repeated manifestations of applause; while the Star Spangled Banner, too, received its due meed of cheers.

At the hour appointed the children, numbering upwards of a thousand, proceeded by a circuitous route, attended by several clergymen and teachers, to Seffert's Grove, cor. of Franklin Avenue and Pacific street, and were preceded by a splendid brass band, which discoursed sweet music most of the day. Arrived at the beautiful Grove, the vast processions which, by this time, swelled up (with a portion of the congregation) to nearly three thousand, unformed, when those innocent recreations which might "Create a soul under the ribs of death," were indulged in till fancy had her fill.

It was now half-past six, and the limbs of the votaries of the "light fantastic toe" being somewhat fatigued, the whole mass re-formed, and preceded as before by the band, marched to dulcet sounds. Arrived at the schools, the children were resolved into a vast solid square, when, from the piazza, several addresses were

delivered. The principal speakers being Rev. P. O'Neill and Rev. P. Cassidy, the latter took occasion in his concluding remarks to pay a well-merited tribute of respect to the virtues and abilities of their beloved Pastor—a graceful allusion which was received with rounds of applause. After giving hearty cheers for the Rt. Rev. Dr. Loughlin, who was at the festivity, and Father Cassidy, the multitude retired heartily pleased with their midsummer treat.

To Wm. Donly, Esq., Messrs. Egan and Brady, as well as Miss Boyle, Miss Mary Sweeny and others, too much praise cannot be extended for their graceful attendance at the respective tents and tables; and but for whom the festal day would have lost many of its most pleasing tints.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—We call the attention of Parents and Guardians to the advertisement of Schools and Colleges on our 14th page. The Convent of the Congregation De Notre Dame at Montreal has a branch of the City House, situated about two miles from town, commanding a view of the St. Lawrence, with a park and grounds of 200 acres, which cannot be excelled in America. To those who do not wish to go so far away, St. Patrick's Academy for Young Ladies at Lowell, Mass., offers every necessary inducement. It is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame.

BOY'S SCHOOLS.—We would call the attention of our city readers to the Prospectus of the Academy of the Holy Infancy, Manhattanville, situated about eight miles up the east bank of the Hudson, and under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian School,—which is a sufficient recommendation.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Our Detroit subscribers will please call at the store of Mr. Charles Fitzsimons, corner of Jefferson Avenue and Second street, and settle up with him for the TABLET. He has a list of our subscribers.

Mr. John Dillon Smith is not, and never has been, authorized to act as Agent, or to collect for this Journal.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The TABLET can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg, Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic books for sale, and is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the New York TABLET.

Mr. Francis Connolly is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in all the towns he may visit in Western New York. Any of our friends in need of good Catholic Books had better avail themselves of this opportunity, as Mr. C. has a fine assortment on hand.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the TABLET in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the New York TABLET in the Abingtons, Bridgewater, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

PATERSON, N. J.—Mr. Bernard O'Neill is our Agent in Paterson. He keeps on hand a good assortment of Catholic Books, Bibles, Pictures, &c. He has the TABLET for sale.

CARBONDALE, PA.—Mr. John Murrin has consented to act as our Agent in Carbondale.

William J. Rohan, 25 Pearl street, Fall River, Mass., is our Agent there.

We call the attention of our readers in Troy, Lansingburg, and vicinity, to the advertisement of Roarke & Tighe, on our last page. They have just opened a new store at 10 1-2 King street, where the Catholics of Troy can always find a full assortment of Catholic publications and religious articles at New York prices. They are authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET. We are glad to see our friend Mr. Roarke succeeding in his business. His energy and perseverance deserve success, and we hope the Catholics of Troy will extend to him their patronage as he is certainly deserving of it. Remember the No. 10 1-2 King st.

OUR WISCONSIN CORRESPONDENCE.

Scenery at Port Washington.—Confirmation by Bishop Henni.—An Irish "Letter."—Historic Associations of Saukville.—Dedication of a New Church and the Bishop's Discourse.

PORT WASHINGTON, Wis., July 25, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—The old readers of the "Cell" hail its worthy substitute with pleasure. The early numbers augur an extended usefulness. Permit me to pay my respects to its principles by giving a brief sketch of Catholic progress in this neighborhood, under the direction of the amiable, learned, and indefatigable Bishop Henni, and his zealous clergy.

On the night of the 23rd the Bishop landed in the beautiful town of Port Washington—Carlingford Bay in miniature, if you could only be sufficiently imaginative to behold in the bold cliffs that overlook the lake the two giant spurs of the Mourne Mountains, which lock within their brawny arms the glassy waters of that world-renowned resort. In a sequestered nook, in a tiny Rostrevor, above and around are the cottages stretching along between that sheltered arbor and your own Warrenpoint—and there in the centre is a plateau that would remind you of—but reminiscence wiles me from my subject.

Although the boat did not reach her pier before midnight, our good Catholics, ever respectful to authority, were waiting for their Bishop, and conducted him to the house of our worthy German Pastor. On the following morning the bells of St. Killian's pealed merrily. Aged men and matrons who were born under another sun, but whose withered hearts beat quicker when they beheld their grandchildren trooping along in coronetted groups to worship the God of their fathers, soon thronged the church. The solemn Mass is said, the "It'e" sung. The young soldiers of Christ approach the altar—they seize the standard—the seven gifts of Him who is shield and sword to his battalions are imparted. The bannerets are again raised—the blessing given; the bells toll the Angelus; the sweet prayer to the Mother is uttered, sometimes in the lisping accents of ingenuous childhood, and, anon, in the hoarse guttural tones of hardy manhood, and then that happy congregation wend their way to their homes blessing God for having visited them even in the wilderness, and fed them with imperishable manna, and slacked their thirst with their Redeemer's blood.

At 8 o'clock of the same day, the Bishop, accompanied by the Rev. W. O'Doherty, Rev. Fathers Fabian, Salier and Bradley, the Pastor of the Congregation, proceeded to the village of Saukville, a distance of 3 miles from Port Washington, in order to bless the corner stone of a new Church. Their advent was heralded by repeated discharges from two pieces of cannon which, in honor of the auspicious event, fired during the evening 100 rounds. The Bishop and clergy were received at the hospitable residence of John Fitzpatrick, Esq., whose amiable lady, though, I am pained to say in delicate health, did everything to make her guests feel that her Irish "*Cead Mille Fadhige*" was as sincere as her many merits are unpretending. Mr. Fitzpatrick is about the best specimen of the best class of Irish settlers to be met with in America. During 30 years in the United States, his persevering energy, shrewd, calculating forethought, have secured him an honorable independence; whilst his manly unimpeachable integrity, fearless avowal of the good old Faith, with a wit that never flags, and a laughing hilarity that increases his weight without impairing his activity—these qualities have made him, as they have made also hundreds of our countrymen, an universal favorite.

A moment upon the historic associations of this sweet spot, one of the many in fertile and healthy Wisconsin. It is delightfully situated upon the banks of the broad, Milwaukee which marches by with that unflinching dignity which set so appropriately upon the brow of the brave Sack Indians who rested there for centuries, and whose dead are buried in thousands around it. Their camp grounds are here—their gymnasiums are marked and defined—as beautiful as the sun ever shone upon. Here did their braves recount their escapes, their battles, their disasters and successes. And even yet you may behold, as I did a few mornings ago, a straggling Indian from Rock River,—a six-foot strip of that cloud of beings which has already been largely dispelled by the sun of our civilization, (?) and which is, unhappily, soon destined to flutter its last fringe away, on the shores of the Pacific.

The venerable Bishop preached a most appropriate discourse, in English, of which the following is a brief outline:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I came here myself to witness the efforts of your zeal for God's glory. You have surprised my most sanguine anticipations. The broad spirit of Catholicity inspires you. Here, where but a few years ago, the wolf had his lair, and the Indian scalped his foe, you are raising an altar for that true oblation of which Malachy spoke, when God declared that "His name was great among the Gentiles," and that a "clean oblation would be offered" to him in "every place, from the rising to the setting of the sun." In no religion other than Catholicity is this verified. It is not confined to a kingdom, an island, a language, or a race. It is universal in time, Catholic in extent, and Catholic in its doctrines, and universal symbolism. Unity in universality is the distinguishing feature of its mysterious existence. It saw the commencement of all the dynasties in the world, and the various forms of governments, and it will see the end of them all. Nothing is new to the Catholic Church; yet age, with the undiminishable vigor of youth, is her sole prerogative. Her vast dominions extend from sea to sea—from Rome to the uttermost corners of the earth, embracing within her bosom all tribes and tongues, all peoples—nations. It is but the other day I was surrounded by a congregation of ten different nations, few of whom spoke a common language, yet met as brothers in the faith, and offered in conjunction with me the clear oblation of Malachy. Gentiles by descent, as we were, "His name was great amongst" us, and the victim was offered to acknowledge His Omnipotence and invoke his care. What church except the Catholic Church ever converted a nation of infidels to Christianity, an island, or even a single tribe? None! I defy any person to point out a single instance of such conversion. The spirit of God is truth and therefore cannot foster two contradictory systems. This being so, He could not vouchsafe grace to embrace a falsehood. But as the Catholic Church has alone succeeded in converting all those nations that have embraced Christianity, and thus executed the Apostolic commission, it follows that she alone is the Church of Christ. It is true that the sectarians have succeeded in perverting some who had embraced Christianity and were born in the arms of the Catholic Church. Yes! they could sow tares, but not wheat; they could imitate the Don Cossacks in cutting off stragglers, or hover upon the march of our army like carrion crows to pick the bones of dead members of the Faith, but no more. I lay this corner stone in the expressive language of the prayer read to-day from the Pontifical, "In honor of the Omnipotent God, invoking His grace to make true faith flourish here, and to make piety and brotherly love abound." This corner stone represents Jesus Christ, who, like the corner stone of a building, which unites two walls that run at right angles, does in his own person unite Jews and Gentiles, and make them component parts of the same building. He is the stone mentioned by the Prophet which having been cut out of the side of a Mountain rolled down and filled the whole earth. But if Christ be the corner stone, you too, in the language of the Apostle, "are the living stones, and we are the architects." God gave us the working plans of his Church—you are the materials, to be built up in unity and holiness. Blessed be your exertions, and God reward those who through love of God may assist you in raising this Church in the name of Jesus and under the invocation of Mary. This of course is only a sketch, and a very imperfect one, of the Bishop's discourse.

There is something unique in the fair and honorable principles which govern politics in this county. The population is nearly Catholic—yet the offices are distributed to Lutherans and others, in relation to their merits, regardless of peculiarities of religion. Pardon the length of this communication, And believe me,

Yours very truly,

OUR OHIO CORRESPONDENCE.

The Tablet in Ohio.—Catholic and Protestant Schools.—St. Mary's, Cincinnati.—A Remarkable Incident.—The Late Rev. Mr. O'Donovan of Goshen.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, July 27th, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—There is an old saying, that "A thing well begun is half ended." Feeling the truth of this, the writer thinks that he cannot begin his communication in a better way than

by expressing his heartfelt approbation of your journal. A strong friend and admirer of Mr. McGee, he thought that the removal of that gentleman to Canada left a void in the Catholic press of America that could not be well filled. He is gratified, however, to find in the TABLET a paper well able to take the place of the *Cell*, and surpassing it in many very important features. It is, indeed, the *beau ideal* of a Catholic family newspaper, and will, in all probability, before long outstrip all the other Catholic papers in circulation as it does now in usefulness.

Catholicity, under the care of our sainted Archbishop, is making rapid strides in our city and archdiocese. Our churches are getting fuller every Sunday, and new ones are being continually built. Catholic colleges and schools are continually rising up around us; and, glorious tribute to our good priests and nuns, they are patronized liberally by Protestant parents, and well they may. Our Protestant schools are for the most part dens of immorality: an instance—A young man, of feminine appearance, some time since let his hair grow, dressed in female apparel, applied, and was admitted as a boarder in one of the most celebrated female seminaries in the State. If the writer was not afraid of shocking the sensibilities of your readers, he might relate of other Protestant schools, stories almost as pertinent.

St. Mary's College, within a mile or two of the city, situated on a beautiful eminence from whence there is a magnificent prospect, promises to be the successful rival of St. Mary's of the Mountain. It is not so elevated as to render the atmosphere too raw for those of a delicate pulmonary organization, and hence it is, in this respect, far preferable to the other. Cincinnati ranks now as the most healthy city of the Union. All these facts combined, together with the important fact of its possessing one of the best faculties of the country, cannot fail to make St. Mary's of Cincinnati the great fountain of education in the West.

"The hand of God is there," so spoke a friend the other day on beholding a man suffering under a severe stroke of paralysis. His story as told the writer was this: About two years since this man's brother wrote an anti-Catholic work called "Danger in the Dark," in which our Most Rev. Archbishop was a prominent character. The author afterwards dramatized it, and on its first appearance this same paralytic, then a stout healthy man, represented the Archbishop. At the moment of raising his hand to give his mock benediction he was stricken with paralysis. The piece was not afterwards played. Truly, "the hand of God was there."

The writer was pained to read of the death, recently, of Rev. Mr. O'Donovan, of Goshen. A brighter intellect than his, or a more glowing genius has seldom set beneath the approaching night of death; the human form has seldom been the habitation of a nobler nature, and the soil of New York clasps to her breast fewer better men or more zealous priests. He was a native of Muskerry, in the county of Cork, and was nephew to the late distinguished Professor O'Donovan of Maynooth, in which place he became a student at the early age of 14. After having highly distinguished himself, he was ordained, by dispensation, at a very early age, and was appointed to a curacy in his native diocese, where he became an object of love and admiration to those who knew him. In a diocese remarkable for clergymen of varied and superior talents he stood among the highest. The writer has heard him as he rolled forth, as it were, floods of irresistible eloquence that carried the sinner away penitent and with a bursting heart, to the harbor of Contrition, Faith and Hope. Sometimes when describing the torments of the damned, the ingratitude of those who live not up to the Commandments, and the terrible judgments of the Almighty, he became fearfully eloquent, his countenance became animated, his eyes flashed, and his very words seemed like words of fire. He had more power over the feelings of an audience than almost any other man known to your correspondent. During the season of Lent his invitations were many to lecture in the various churches of the towns and cities of his native county. Alas! he sleeps now the sleep of eternity, far from the land of his love and the land of his ancestors. May the descendant of the O'Donovan rest calmly and sweetly till the Archangel's trumpet summons him to eternal bliss!

Wishing your paper a long career of usefulness,

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

D. O'C.

THE WAY A "FOURTH" WAS KEPT IN TEXAS.

HOUSTON, Texas, July 6th, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—The Catholics of Houston having, at last, obtained their object in purchasing some four acres in an excellent locality for a burial place and other good purposes, thought of spending the Fourth of July in clearing the ground for the cemetery, of its trees and brushwood. They therefore assembled for this purpose early on the birthday of American freedom. At 7 o'clock the tolling of the Church bell gave the signal for starting to the place. The men took their axes along with them, and as soon as arrived, throwing off their coats, began to cut down all the brushwood and timber which covered the ground. In a couple of hours more than one acre was cleared. The ladies were early enough on the spot, to encourage by their presence the good gentlemen, who handled the axe with as much energy, as with recreating joyfulness. A few trees were spared by the hatchet, for ornamenting the place. Refreshments were constantly handed around, to keep up cheerfulness among all. At 11 o'clock the little crowd, numbering a hundred persons, being of one mind and of one heart, was prepared under the shade of some large oak trees, to listen with attention to the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Painter, a promising young lawyer, ascended the platform erected for the purpose, and read with a clear and intelligible voice the famous Declaration of Independence of the United States. Then followed the delivery of an oration by W. P. Cunningham, Esq., who spoke with eloquence, and was applauded by all present. Appropriate toasts were given by the following gentlemen: Rev. N. Felton, a toast to our beloved Bishop, whose efforts are so great and so successful for the welfare of Catholic society in Texas; Mr. T. Kennedy, to the President of the United States; Mr. P. T. Reilly, to the Governor of the State; Mr. T. Larkins, to the welfare of the Catholic congregation in Houston, and several other toasts by Mr. Painter, Mr. F. H. Henderson, Mr. W. McConnell, &c.

A good dinner served by the pastor himself to his beloved little flock kept all in the greatest cheerfulness and joy for several hours. It was delightful to see all united by the bonds of Christian charity, spending a few hours together in the celebration of a glorious day, and performing a great work of charity. They enjoyed themselves most fully, and, as many said, never spent a more pleasant or a happier day in their life. There was nothing but peace and harmony between all assembled, numbering in the ranks Americans, Irish, Germans, Bohemians, Poles and French. It is hoped to be the opening of brighter days for our holy religion in this great city of the State; proving, as it does, the Christian charity of that Church, which can unite so many jarring interests, and also proving that independence of action and freedom of opinion in a good cause are respected by the chivalrous Texans.

Sir, the publication of the above facts and remarks may be an encouragement to union and co-operation in the good cause of our holy religion, and also show that even here in Texas the fire of the ancient faith is still burning.

Yours, &c.,

F.

[We have received Mr. Cunningham's oration alluded to above, but find it impossible to insert it, on account of the press of matter on our columns.—Ed. N. Y. TABLET.]

GEN. WOOL'S LETTER AND WALKER.—General Wool's late letter proves beyond question, that Gen. Pierce's Cabinet connived at the sailing of Walker and his companions from San Francisco, on the disgraceful and disastrous Central American expedition. The despatch inserted in it, signed "Jeff. Davis," censured him for interfering with Walker's Mexican affair, and told him rather curtly to wait to be told to act,—which amounted to a free license to Walker, as no further commands came from the Department.

A similar course of procedure is, we fear, again about to be adopted. The "Prince of Fillibusters" is advertised to sail for Nicaragua in the first week of August, and his supporters are openly urging the "recruits" to meet him punctually at New Orleans. And yet there is not a whisper which would justify us in believing that he will be thwarted in his intention, while the whole tone of the Southern press goes to show that the Democratic party at the South are wild in his favor. Is the Government turned fillibuster? or, is it asleep?

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

LANDING OF TURGESIUS AND HIS RULE IN IRELAND.

It was about the year of our Lord 836, according to our most authentic annals, that the Norwegian chief above named landed on the Irish coast, having with him a numerous fleet which he divided into two; one sailed up the Boyne to Drogheda while the other landed in Dublin. This Turgesius occupies a prominent position in the dark history of that age. He was by far the ablest leader and the greatest captain who had yet come with the Loch-Lannies to Ireland, and his fame had already been widely diffused amongst the foreigners in the island, for, no sooner was his arrival announced than from every part of the country the Northmen flocked to his standard. All were anxious to do honor to the redoubtable warrior, whom they gladly hailed as their common chief, and thus it happened that very soon after his arrival in Ireland, Turgesius found himself at the head of a vast and most effective force, most of them well acquainted with the country, and all prepared to do his bidding at any cost. Turgesius had all the qualities requisite to command the respect and secure the submission of the warlike Northmen. To a large and powerful body he added a mind of indomitable energy, a ferocity that nothing could tame, and, above all, an unconquerable hatred to all who bore the name of Christian. It was the proudest boast of those terrible Danish Captains who led their cohorts, like so many scourges, all over Europe that they "stabbed their horses in the chapels of kings," and of that class Turgesius was one of the most inveterate in his hatred of Christianity as he was undoubtedly one of the ablest and most successful. His military and political talents were each of a very high order, while his indomitable pride and stern decision of character gave him an unbounded authority over the warlike tribes of the north, settled here and there in Ireland.

No sooner, then, had the news of his arrival gone abroad through the country, than the Danes flocked from all parts to range themselves under his banner, anxious to concentrate their scattered forces under a leader so distinguished. We may imagine the great burly Norwegian holding his court with rude magnificence in some venerable fane, addressing his wild companions from the steps of the high altar, and pledging them in wine that had been destined for a holy purpose, quaffing the rare draught from the sacred chalice. Imagine the brutal tyrant again bursting with all his fierce band into the consecrated home of religion, chasing the saintly daughters of St. Bridget, St. Augustine, or St. Bernard, with fiendish purpose through

"Those deep solitudes and woeful cells
Where heavily penitence Contemplation dwells"

Or again rioting in the royal halls of some native prince, whose body lay unburied within sight of the banquet, or if still living was condemned to a shameful slavery, as the menial of the savage conqueror. These excesses went on from day to day, and from year to year, increasing in barbarity, as the power of Turgesius waxed stronger, and that of the native princes weaker in proportion. Gradually his dominion extended over the whole country, for there was no power in the land able to resist his armies, constantly re-inforced from the northern hive. It was the constant aim of the tyrant to root out Christianity from the land, and plant in its place the gloomy worship of Odin, and to effect that object he knew it was necessary to exterminate the clergy of Ireland. Hence it was that he pursued the faithful ministers of religion with the most implacable hatred, inflicting upon them when they fell into his hands the most cruel torments that hell could suggest. Yet still did religion live, ay! and flourish in the hearts of the people. Turgesius swore by the gods of Valhalla that he would trample the smouldering flame of Christianity out of the heart of Ireland, but the people of that oppressed land invoked the God of their fathers, and called upon Mary and Patrick to aid them in their desperate struggle, and their prayers were heard. Although the temporal and political power of Ireland fell wholly into the hands of Turgesius, he was never able to extinguish the fire enkindled by Patrick on the hill of Slane, and the nation came forth from that ter-

rible and protracted ordeal as full of faith as it was when the first Dane landed on the coast.

After an eventful struggle of thirty long years, during which he had sustained many defeats at the hands of the Irish princes, Turgesius was proclaimed monarch of Ireland, and then it was that the miseries of the people reached their height.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE—THE DEATH OF TURGESIUS.

The Norwegian tyrant had, as we have said, reached the summit of his power. Ireland lay prostrate beneath his iron heel. He had aimed what he thought a death-blow at the Christian religion when his myrmidons sacked the ancient primal city of Armagh, gave its churches and religious houses to the flames, and carried off its venerable prelate, the successor of St. Patrick, with all his priests to the Danish fleet at Limerick, there to be detained as hostages, or rather as the slaves of the tyrant. Religion was forced to "hide her diminished head" in the privacy of her rifled and desolated asylums, while her faithful defenders, the native chiefs and princes, were either dead or coerced into a late submission to the foreign usurper of their ancient monarchy.

Those amongst the Irish princes who had submitted to Turgesius were admitted to a sort of surly intimacy without confidence on either side, and only supposed to exist as long as circumstances rendered it politic or expedient. Of this number was Malachy, King of Meath, and he, for some reason doubtless known to themselves, was rather a favorite with the Norwegian. Malachy was a wise and politic prince, averse, it would seem, to war and strife, and well content to preserve his own dominions, such as they were, by feudal tenure from the usurper. Turgesius was flattered by the apparent dependence of Malachy, whom he considered a right good fellow, a capital boon companion, and a very sensible man, for an Irishman. There was only one point on which the two monarchs were at variance. Somehow it happened that Malachy could never be got to drink any wine, no matter how good it might be, out of the Northman's choicest goblets. This peculiarity was easily explained, considering that the vessels aforesaid were the sacred chalices reft from many a shrine. Turgesius, however, could never understand Malachy's scruples, and was long before he could be prevailed upon to provide other and less costly drinking-cups for the use of his Irish guests. Still Malachy was an occasional visitor at the palace of Turgesius, and, on the whole, they were what might be called, good neighbors. Some there were who found fault with the King of Meath for his slavish submission, and sundry comments on his want of spirit, and of patriotism were frequently heard amongst the natives. But Malachy seemed to care little for the opinion of others so long as his own patrimony remained in his possession.

Now it so happened that Malachy, notwithstanding his intimacy with Turgesius, never invited him to his palace, and great, therefore, was his surprise when the Norwegian one day took him apart and informed him that he had conceived a violent passion for his daughter.

"For my daughter!" cried the Irish prince, in utter amazement, "why, you have never seen her!"

"I tell you I have," said the other sharply, "and ever since I can think of nothing else. You are a cunning fox to keep such a dainty damsel so long out of my sight, but now that I have got a glimpse of her, Malachy, I swear by Odin I must have her."

"So you shall, so you shall," said the timid prince, in a soothing tone, swallowing his resentment as best he might, for the time being. "You shall have her, Turgesius, since you desire it, though I own it is rather hard to deal with a brother-prince so roughly. On what terms do you propose to take my Melcha?"

"On any terms I choose," was the curt reply. The barbarian noticed the tremor in the father's voice, and the heightened color on his careworn visage, and he knew that the blood of a kingly line was boiling in his veins though he strove to appear calm. "Your kingdom," he sneeringly added, "depends upon it."

"On any terms!" repeated Malachy slowly—he looked at the bloated face of the tyrant, and he saw the rising tempest lowering on his gloomy brow, and he could not bring himself to say the words which rose to his lips. Rising, he drew his scarlet mantle around his shoulders, fastened it in front with the regal fibula, and looked the tyrant steadily in the face.

"It shall be done!" he said firmly. "It shall be done, Turgesius. In two days my daughter Melcha shall be yours—on your own terms," he added with grave emphasis. "You say my kingdom of Meath depends upon my compliance. If that be so, most mighty king, I will send with my daughter some of the choicest damselfs to be found in our country. She must be attended as becomes her rank, and you can distribute the maidens of her train amongst your nobles according to your good liking."

This masterly stroke completely dispelled the tyrant's anger. He embraced Malachy with many professions of kindness, promising all manner of favors for the time to come, extension of territory being of course first on the list.

Two days after, when Turgesius and his chiefs were seated at the close of day around the festive board, the shrill Irish trumpet blew a loud blast without the palace-gates, and the king started from his seat crying: "By Odin and Woden here they come!—now, my brave chieftains, I can give to each of you a radiant Irish beauty—you shall have the stars—the moon is mine—the glorious daughter of Malachy!" So saying, he rushed to the gate, doubly intoxicated with passion and with wine.

At the gate stood the beautiful Irish princess, surrounded by fifteen maidens, all of fair and comely countenance, and each wrapped in the large loose mantle which completed the costume of the Celtic ladies. That of the princess was only distinguished from the others by the difference of texture, and by its heavy golden fringe. The princess and her ladies were all covered with long veils fastened on the top of the head by those tastefully-ornamented bodkins commonly used by the Milesian ladies. Those of the attendants were of silver, while that of Melcha was of virgin gold, richly ornamented with amethysts and emeralds.

Turgesius, in the frenzy of his joy, would have caught the princess in his arms, but Melcha drew back with a haughty air, and rearing her tall form to its fullest height, extended her hand to the king, saying in her native tongue: "Not so fast, Turgesius!—I am not yet your slave!—lead on—we follow!"

The Northman was quite taken aback, but, ravished by the dazzling beauty of the princess, he attributed her coldness and disdain to girlish petulance, and, muttering to himself that he would soon bring her to her senses, he led the way to an inner chamber, commanding the attendants to remain without. But to this Melcha would not consent, saying she must not be so soon separated from her ladies. "If that be your fashion," said she, "it is not ours. Ladies, you will please remain."

"You are unkind, Melcha!" said the king, an angry flush rising to his brow—"nay, you are cruel to use me so!"

"Cruel!" repeated the princess in scornful accents, "you, Turgesius! you talk of cruelty!—you who have forced an Irish king—the descendant of a royal line, to send his daughter for the basest of purposes! Nay, touch me not, I charge you!" And she sprang to her feet, raising her little hand in a menacing attitude, whereat the tyrant laughed heartily, and catching hold of her upraised arm, attempted to embrace her. The act was fatal to Turgesius, for on a signal from the princess, her attendants, flinging back the cloaks from off their right arm, darted on the ravisher, and fifteen *skeins* were instantly buried in his bosom. A groan, a heavy fall, a convulsive motion of the limbs, and the haughty usurper of the Irish throne—the fierce leader of the Northern armies—was a lifeless corpse.

At this moment, while Melcha and her attendants stood looking with pallid brows on the mighty ruin at their feet, the clash of arms was heard without—again the Irish clarion sounded—and from the banquetting-hall came the shock of contending foemen.

"They are come!" cried Melcha joyously, "my brave father is true to his word—I knew he would not fail his daughter in her moment of peril! Now, by brave guardsmen, haste ye to the fight!"

By this time the pretended ladies had doffed their veils and cloaks, and stood in various garb, fifteen fair and rosy youths, with faces yet guiltless of hair and chins of girlish smoothness. They refused, however, to leave the princess, saying that Malachy had commanded them to guard her person till they had delivered her safe back into his paternal hands. Nor had they long to wait, for the soldiers of Malachy speedily gained possession of the palace, slaying all who resisted, and committing the others to the vaults. The king of Meath soon after arrived

and joyfully embraced his daughter, but his brow darkened, and his cheek glowed as his eye fell on the dead tyrant.

"Ha! there you lie!" he cried, "you who would have dishonored O'Melaghlin in his child—you to whom the fair name of a princely house was as nothing when weighed against your brutal passion—you who feared neither God nor man—you who spread murder and rapine, and destruction throughout this unhappy land—there you lie a vile heap of earth, meet garbage for the worm! Come hither, now, fair maidens, who so well defended my daughter's honor. Kneel there before me." The youths obeyed, and Malachy taking a sword from one of his officers, bestowed on each the order of knighthood.*

Some of the attendants would have spurned the body with their foot, but this Malachy would not allow. "Ye feared him living," said he, "kick him not when dead. It were ungenerous and cowardly, for, after all, he was a great soldier—pity he was a foreigner and a heathen! Hence with him to the nearest cemetery of his race, and make him a deep grave, but see that ye bury him not amongst Christians in consecrated ground! Now, my daughter, let us return home—I must see you safe in your mother's arms, ere I proceed with the work I have in hands. Ha! ha!" he laughed, "they shall see now who they have to deal with! That dead heathen little knew Malachy!"

Melcha prepared in silence to accompany her father after partaking with him of some needful refreshment. She was pondering on the sudden change which had taken place in his manner and even in his countenance. She had long known that her father was far other than he seemed, and that men were wont to do him injustice in their estimate of his character, but still she was unprepared for the energy, that activity which he now displayed. It seemed, in fact, as though the burthen of some twenty years had been suddenly taken from off his back, for his form had become erect and his step elastic as she remembered him in her early childhood.

The events which followed on the death of Turgesius shall be related in the subsequent pages.

* It has been clearly proved by Irish historians and antiquarians that chivalry existed amongst the Celts of Ireland from a very early period. Sir John Probert, too, relates that when Richard III. in his visit to Dublin, offered to confer knighthood on four Irish princes, they declined accepting the intended favor as they had received the order of knighthood from their respective fathers!

—In our next, MALACHY THE FIRST ON THE THRONE OF IRELAND, A. D. 847.

BRIGHTON YOUNG A NEW YORKER.—Both Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball are New Yorkers. Brigham lived near the line dividing Ontario and Monroe Counties, in the town of Victor, at the time he became a Mormon. He had always manifested a proclivity to religious fanaticism, or rather he was a lazy rascaloon, fond for nothing except to howl at a camp meeting. He lived in a log shanty, with a dilapidated patient, suffering wife, surrounded by a host of tow-headed children. Occasionally he made up a lot of axe-helves and traded them off for sugar and tea; in other fits of industry, he would do a day's work in the hay-field for a neighbor, or pound potatoes in his own little patch. But his special mission was to go to camp meetings and revivals, where he managed to get his daily bread out of the more wealthy brethren, in consideration of the union with which he shouted "ga-lo-rah!" On such occasions Brigham took no thought of the morrow, but cheerfully putting on his old wool hat, would leave his family without flour in the barrel or wood at the door, and telling his wife that the "Lord would provide," he would put off for a week's absence. Poor Mrs. Brigham managed by borrowing from her neighbors with the small hope of paying, chopped the wood herself, and with an old sun-bonnet—Navarino style—went to the spring after water, thoroughly convinced that her lot was not of the easiest, and that her husband was, to use a western expression, an "ornary cuss," in which sentiment all who knew him joined. People were getting very tired of Brigham when Mormonism turned up.

Heber C. Kimball was a man of more respectability. He was born a fanatic, and if he were not a Mormon would be something else just like it. In his church—he was a Baptist originally—he was one of those pestilent fellows who want resolutions passed at church meetings withholding fellowship for somebody else, and insist on having a political codicil added to the Bible. We believe he had some property. He has much more talent than Brigham Young, but is inferior to him in the elements of quackery. He has very respectable relatives now living in the part of Monroe County from which he started.

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on a spit.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Spreading of the Sepoy Revolt.—Death of Gen. Anson.—Suicide of Col. Spottiswoode.—Biographical Sketch of Gen. Anson.—Number of Regiments Mutinied.—No Screwships to Transport the Soldiers.—Number of Troops to be sent out.—Sir Colin Campbell Commander-in-Chief.—Biographical Sketch.—The Catholics of British India.—Their treatment by the East India Company's Government.—Their Number.—Conversions.—Their Schools.—THE GREATER PORTION OF THEM CULTIVATORS AND SEPOYS.—Proselytism by force or Starvation.—The Mayo Committee.—Extraordinary Verdict.—Committee accused of Dereliction of Duty.—The Business done in the two Houses.—Further developments in the Madeleine Smith Case.—Scotch Morality.

LONDON, 17th July, 1857.

The anxiously expected accounts from India bring intelligence that the revolt has taken still vaster proportions. Several of the native regiments have flocked to the standard of the disaffected. We are told that the military authorities have given proof of readiness and alacrity, yet it is a curious evidence of promptitude, that nearly a month elapsed between the outbreak of the revolt and the concentration of forces in the neighborhood of Delhi. General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, died of cholera at Kur-naul, on his way from Umballah to Delhi. He is succeeded in command by Sir Henry Barnard. Colonel Spottiswoode, of the 56th, a regiment of which a greater portion deserted their colors, committed suicide at Murdan. It is extraordinary what a knack English commanders have of dying at critical moments. Gen. Anson was the second son of the first Viscount Anson, and brother of the first Earl of Lichfield. He entered the army very young, and served in the Scots Fusilier Guards at the battle of Waterloo. He was for many years a member of the House of Commons, having several times represented Great Yarmouth, Stoke-on-Trent, and the Southern Division of Staffordshire, for which latter he sat during sixteen years, from 1837 to 1853, when he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds in consequence of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's forces in India. In politics the General was a Whig.

The number of regiments mutinied, according to the accounts received up to the present time, is twenty-seven, making a force of at least thirty thousand men. The 19th Regiment of Native Infantry has been disbanded, and seven other regiments have been disarmed. The European forces are said to be in possession of the hills surrounding Delhi, and on the point of commencing the siege. But it is doubtful whether the present European army of India will be able to hold out against such a formidable body of drilled soldiers until the reinforcements, now being dispatched, arrive. It will at least be four or five months, if not more, before those troops can encamp before Delhi, the more so as they are to be sent for the most part in sailing vessels. Sir Charles Napier inquired, in the House yesterday, whether in the event of Government deciding to send troops to India by steamer, they had one screwship in either Sheerness, Portsmouth or Plymouth, in commission, fit to carry troops, and ready for immediate service, and was answered by Sir C. Wood, that government had not a single one.

However, whether the means of conveyance be slow or rapid, the government conscious of the critical position of affairs in India is determined to send out a strong force. A portion of the troops destined for China have been intercepted at Point de Galle, and will be available for immediate service. The whole will number at least twenty-five thousand men, but considering the number of deaths caused by heat, which will be throughout the campaign, equal to, if not greater than, the number destined to perish by the weapon of the enemy, double that amount of men would not, in my humble opinion, be too strong a force in the emergency. The command, as the newspapers have already informed you, had been given to Sir Colin Campbell, who had already set out for his post. He will be assisted by Sir Patrick Grant, who ought to have considerable experience in Indian affairs, if a long residence gives it—which, however, is not always the case. Sir Colin Campbell has seen some service, having entered the army in 1808, and having served in the Walcheren expedition and the Peninsular campaign. He was present at the battles of Vemiera, Corunna, Barossa, and Vittoria, and at the siege of San Sebastian, where he received two severe wounds. He was also dangerously wounded at the passage of the Bidassoa. Sir Colin subsequently served in America during the years 1814 and 1815, whence he proceeded to the West Indies and assisted in quelling the insurrection of 1823 at Demarara. In 1842 he served in China, and

in the Punjab under Lord Gough in 1848 and 1849, and commanded the Highland division during the late war. If there be any truth in the fact that hammering makes the smith, Sir Colin is just the man for India. It is to be imagined that having practised the butchering business in three quarters of the globe he is perfectly au fait as to everything connected with that interesting branch of civilization. His appointment has given general satisfaction—to his countrymen "ayont the Tweed," at least.

The Madras journal gives some interesting information as to the manner in which the Catholics of British India are treated by the East India Company's government. It will not surprise you, in the least, to learn that the traditional policy of proselytizing by force persuasion, or bribery is carried out with regard to our Catholic Brethren in the Madras and other Residences. The Catholic population of the Madras Presidency consists of nearly six hundred and thirty-eight thousand souls and is constantly increasing by conversions and births. The conversions in 1856 amounted to about three thousand. They have many schools throughout the country where the children are educated in English, or in the language of the country. All classes are said to be represented among the Catholics, but among the largest are the Cultivators, Lascars, and *Sepoys*. The last fact is so significant, at the present juncture, that it is unnecessary for me to help you to a conclusion. All other classes seem to unite in oppressing the Catholics and the government squeezes their last rupee from them. The Catholics are the only portion of the population whose religious or educational wants are unprovided for, directly or indirectly, by the Government. The allowance granted by the Company to the wives and children of soldiers is refused to those who will not allow their children to receive the evangelical principles of the Church by law established in the military schools. A number of influential Catholics here are, it is said, about to appeal to the government to have such a disgraceful system of religious persecution immediately stopped.

The Election Mayo Committee has given a decision which would have surprised me if I had not too many proofs of the kind of justice to be expected in England when the Irish Catholic Clergy are in the case. Mr. Scholefield brought up the report, in the House, on Tuesday, stating that Mr. Moore, through the instrumentality of his agents, had been culpable of undue influence and was not duly elected. The report also stated that the Rev. Peter Conway and the Rev. Luke Ryan were prominent in the exercise of spiritual intimidation! On Thursday after the suspension of the writ had been moved, Mr. Bowyer, on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Conway denied the alleged charge of having used curses from the altar or elsewhere against the supporters of Col. Higgins, and Mr. Maguire said that he would be able, at the proper time, to show a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the Committee. The election of Mr. O'Flaherty for the borough of Galway has also been declared null and void. As Mr. Moore cannot present himself as a candidate to the electors of Mayo, during the present Parliament, he intends offering himself for the borough of Galway. Mr. Tristram Kennedy will try his fortune among the electors of Mayo.

The business done in both Houses is in general unimportant. Mr. Crawford has been obliged to withdraw his Bill in consequence of the sturdy opposition of the Irish members. The Married Woman's Bill, a measure which tends to sever yet another link of the matrimonial chain by making two purses in one house has passed the second reading by a majority of 55.

A Glasgow gentleman has made, rather late in the day, a startling revelation, which might have changed the Scotch verdict of "Not Proven," in the case of the Scotch heroine, Miss Madeleine Smith. This gentleman saw two young persons, male and female, together, in the lane behind Mr. Smith's Blythwood-square house, on the night of L'Angelier's death. He heard them use words of endearment and states that the young man was attired in a dress similar to that which L'Angelier is proved to have worn on the night in question. Great is the joy in Edinburgh at the acquittal of this model young lady. Is it because the victim was "only a foreigner?" Whatever may be the motive of the enthusiasm it is rather astonishing in the bosom of a straight-laced and kirk-going community who hold up their hands and roll their eyes in horror if some unlucky stranger unwittingly whistle on a Sunday!

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Warnings.—The ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE.—The ESTAFETTE.—The ASSEMBLEE'S misfortunes under the Republic as well as under the Empire.—The Decree of Suspension.—The objectionable portion of the article. What the ESTAFETTE was scorned for.—Italy.—Miss White could be arrested.—Arms and Powder discovered.—The Plans and Programmes found.—A Specimen, according to the PATRIE.—Colonel Pissaccone shot.—Another Englishman in the Affair.—English Passports.—Mazzini on board an American Vessel.—Disturbances in Spain.—Total Defeat of the Disturbances.—The Duke of Valencia states that they are Socialists.—Cardinal Antonelli and the Mexican Minister.—Conference of Neapolitan Bishops.—Privileges granted to the Church.—Letter of Thanks to the King.—Interview of Bishop Pellerin and Guillemin with Napoleon III.—The Churches erected in Canton by the Jesuits to be retaken in the name of the Emperor's Government.

PARIS, 16th July, 1857.

Official warnings are the order of the day. I informed you in my last of the suspension of the *Assemblée Nationale*; now, the *Estafette*, a republican organ has been warned for the second time. The *Assemblée Nationale* has been the object of more persecution than any other newspaper, for while the other journals have been merely warned, the *Assemblée* has been suspended on more than one occasion, thus being treated with the utmost rigor of the organic decree concerning the Press. *L'Assemblée* was first published in 1849, "for the defence of order and society," and was suspended for the first time by the free and enlightened Government of the Republic, for having foreseen and denounced the affairs of June. The Empire brought no peace to the *Assemblée*, for it was again a victim on the memorable 2nd December, 1857, and twice since that period. The decree suspending the *Assemblée* is dated the 7th of this month; a circular from the Editors to the subscribers, announces the re-appearance of the paper on the 8th of September. When it was suspended in 1854, the Editors were permitted to publish a paper, the day after the issuing of the decree, in order to inform their readers why they no longer received the journal, but this time such a privilege has been denied them, and they have had recourse to circulars. Perhaps the text of the decree of suspension may have some interest for you as a sample of how these things are done in France:

"The Secretary of State, Department of the Interior, considering the 32d article of the organic decree regarding the press, of the 17th February, 1856;

"Considering the warnings given to the *Assemblée Nationale*, and dated 1st March, 1853, 6th April, 1853, and 6th February, 1856;

"Considering the decree, dated 5th March, 1854, which suspends that journal for two months;

"Considering the article inserted in the edition of the 7th July, 1857, entitled 'A Last Word on the Elections,' and signed 'A Letellier,' in which article is said: 'That it is difficult to see in the elections, which are being terminated, one of those free and spontaneous manifestations of public opinion which leaves to the most incredulous no means of throwing doubt on the union of the country and its government; that it is convenient, when one addresses the nation, to give, at the same time, the question and answer, but that in that case such answer should not be invoked as a striking proof of public opinion; that the rural districts have had, it is true, an important share in the general result of the elections, but that they have voted under the pressure of administrative influence and that this influence must be taken into account when comparing the opposition and abstention of the cities with the zeal and fidelity of the country electors;

"Considering that these allegations, however skilful may be the language in which they are clothed in the before-mentioned article, are both false and malicious; that the most entire liberty presided over the electoral struggle, and that the government cannot allow the five million of voters who on all points of the Empire, in the cities as in the country, have given it their loyal aid, to be calumniated with impunity,

"Decrees:

"Art. 1. The *Assemblée Nationale* is suspended for two months from the 8th July current.

"Art. 2. The prefect of Police is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"BILLAULT."

The *Estafette* received its second warning for being "disrespectful" to the majority, in saying that "the result in Paris was the political expression of all France."

The other journals have been advised by the *Moniteur Universel* to cease their discussion. Let me, therefore, leave them for the present and give you such further details of the Italian outbreaks as I have been able to collect. Arrests to the number of 80 have been made at Genoa. Miss White, whose years have not brought her any common sense, was semi-officially invited to leave the city. Mr. Hudson, the British Ambassador, endeavored to induce her to depart but without effect; the obstinate

old maid would be arrested. She wants to be tried before the Courts of Justice, and has chosen as her lawyer, M. Brofferio, a noisy member of the extra-liberal opposition in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies. The searches which are being made afford daily important information as to the intentions of the conspirators. A great quantity of powder has been found deposited in various places; several casks have been found near the Barracks of the gendarmierie and the quarters of the bersaglieri or riflemen. The quantity of guns and rifles found is not considerable, but a large provision of petards, grenadets and stilettoes has been. The plans and programme of action found at the house of Mr. Savi, the director of the *Italia del popolo*, and in the dwelling of Miss White, are said to be signed by Mazzini. The *Patrie*, one of our Paris semi-official journals, gives an extract from the papers found. It runs as follows:

"Courage!"

"The first house, the first family, that you ought to pillage in — street — is that of —. They are the wealthiest; they are known to be spies and enemies of liberty."

"Plunder and conflagration!"

"Courage!"

•I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the document—I leave that duty to the *Patrie*, but it certainly is one of the most extraordinary productions I ever read. However, as the Italians themselves say, if it be not true it is well imagined, *si non e vero e bene trovato*. Colonel Pissaccone, the leader of the *Cagliari* affair has been shot. He had made his will before leaving Genoa. An Englishwoman, with whom he lived, was expelled from the Sardinian territory. It seems that Englishwomen have a great sympathy for suffering Italy. It is also remarkable that many of the rebels were provided with English passports. Mazzini is said to have left Italy on board a vessel bearing the American flag.

Attempts have been also made in Spain to trouble the public peace and order, but they have ended in the entire discomfiture of the perturbators. A band of those men, to the number of one hundred and fifty, entered Utrera, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, situated at about five leagues from Seville. They burned the municipal building and records, set fire to the quarters of the Civil Guard and shot one of the latter. They next proceeded to the revenue office whence they took 8000 piastres. The Duke of Valencia announced in the Chamber of Deputies that tranquillity was completely restored throughout Andalusia and that the faction was defeated and destroyed; almost all those who composed it were in the hands of the authorities and many of them had made confessions. The Duke states those men to be Socialists. Ill luck in Spain, ill luck in Italy.

A despatch from Rome, published by the *Univers religieux*, states that the Mexican Minister, Signor Montes, had been granted an audience by his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, but not as the representative of the Mexican government; he will not be received in that capacity until the differences between the two governments shall have been settled, which can only be effected by the abolition of the measures lately taken against the Church by the Mexican Cabinet.

A conference of Neapolitan Bishops has been held at the royal residence of Caserta. It lasted more than a month. The result has been the obtaining by the Church of some valuable privileges, among others the placing educational institutions under the inspection of the bishops. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Naples, the bishops of Pozzuola, Acerra, Ischia, Nola, and Aversa, have addressed to King Ferdinand, a letter in which they express in the warmest terms their gratitude for the liberty allowed to the Church in his dominions. His Majesty has, says the letter, plucked out more than one of the thorns from which our Holy Mother the Church is obliged to suffer on this earth.

In Paris as in Naples the prelates of the Church leave nothing undone for her glory and in her interests. Monsignor Pellerin and Monsignor Guillemin, both bishops of Provinces in China, have recently had an audience of his Majesty the Emperor, who promised them to give his serious attention to the welfare of Catholics in Pagan countries. As soon as we shall have entered Canton, one of the first acts of our Ambassador will be to take possession, in the name of France, of the two churches that the Jesuits built formerly in that city, and which are now used as entrepôts.

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DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS AT THE ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY, MANHATTANVILLE.

Under the direction of Brother Stylen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

New York, July 31st, 1857.

DEAR SIR:—At a time when educational institutions throughout the land are having or have had their annual commencements and distributions of premiums, it may not be unedifying to your readers to know something of the above interesting affair mentioned at the head of this article, which came off on the 21st ult. At 10 o'clock in the morning the exercises commenced, having been preceded by a procession on the part of the pupils, who, issuing from the Academy, walked two by two, having their beautiful new banner of the Holy Childhood borne in front. It was indeed a beautiful sight to behold so many youths wearing their badges of the Society to which they belonged, wending their way with so much decorum around the precincts of the establishment, whilst the cross that surmounted the banner glittered in the sunbeams. Arrived at their places on the stage, erected in a large room, they were not waiting long before his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop, attended by the Very Rev. F. Starrs, V. G., and several other clergymen, entered amid the joyous acclamations of the youthful band.

A chorus, very sweetly sung, opened the exercises, being accompanied by the piano, at which Professor Nuno presided. The vocal music of the pupils was excellent, and was spoken of in the same terms as myself by connoisseurs who were present. A short but touching Salutatory was then delivered by one of the pupils of the 1st class. Then came the Blessing of the new Banner by his Grace. It was a very pretty sight to see that beautiful standard supported by two youths whilst the ceremony was performing. A description of it may not be amiss. On one side it represents the Society of the Holy Childhood in the person of a youth saving a Chinese infant, and presenting it to the Blessed Virgin, who is seated near above with the Child Jesus in her arms. Both the Blessed Mother and child extend their arms graciously to receive the poor little castaway. Another Chinese babe is crawling upon the ground, and is evidently endeavoring to escape some impending danger. Under the picture are written the words "O take pity on us and save us for we perish." The other side of the Banner shows the Holy Child Jesus in glory and with extended arms. He seems earnestly to call upon the members of the Society to take compassion on that multitude of poor little pagan children who perish by hundreds and thousands in China and other heathen lands. I understand that this banner was executed by the Messrs. Ackerman and Miller, of this city, on whom it reflects very creditably. After the blessing of the banner, the exercises were continued, and consisted of several pieces of Oratory, with some entertaining dialogues near the end. The clearness of tone, the easy and graceful gestures of the youthful speakers gave entire satisfaction, whilst above all, their earnest and animated countenances would even have done honor to more advanced years.

Near the end came the Distribution of the Prizes. Distinguished honors were conferred on several young gentlemen who had finished their course at the institution. The principal of these we noticed to be, Master Francis McGovern, of Williamsburgh, Long Island, (No. 1.)

The Valedictories pronounced at the end were very affecting, and must have made an impression on every one there present not soon to be forgotten. At the end of the exercises His Grace addressed the children to some length. After complimenting them on their performances, he then turned to the time when the spot whereon the Academy stood was almost a barren rock, but that now he had before him, in the persons of the pupils, the fruits which at present grow and flourish there. He encouraged them to persevere, by their application to study and the practice of good, to deserve the love and affection of their parents and teachers, and as being sure means of deserving the honors which, on such occasions as that, were bestowed by their superiors. When he had done and was about retiring the acclamations again burst forth from the happy juveniles, who, one by one, rushed to his parent's embrace. Thus all parents and pupils, with happy smiling countenances, departed for their homes, there to recruit their minds and bodies for the coming season. I assure you, Mr. Editor, that the impression made on my mind witnessing what I have described, will not soon wear away. Such scenes are common to Catholics and it is in view to contribute some little to the good that is effected by your paper and other good publications that I transmit the above. I have the pleasure of being, dear sir, yours, very respectfully. A SUBSCRIBER.

CITY NEWS.

MANUFACTURING NEWS.—Our morning contemporaries are determined never to be in want of news, inasmuch as when real incidents are needed, with commendable industry, they set about manufacturing something startling. Two instances of literary industry of the above kind have been presented to the public within a week. The first was perpetrated by the *Daily Times*, who set afloat the nonsensical story of a burglar being shot by a "heroic girl" in Staten Island, the body of said burglar being found, as it alleged, in the bay some few days after the occurrence was reported to have taken place. Not to be outdone in this species of news manufacturing, the *Herald* of Wednesday, 29th July, came out with a long-winded story of two lovers roaming about the identical Staten Island, and enjoying the delicious breezes from the water. But this happiness was not fated to continue, for the lovers overpowered by the enjoyment of felicity which each pictured to the other, seated themselves in a shady covert in the neighborhood of Fort Washington, and were soon fast asleep. While in this state of happy insensibility, a rejected suitor for the lady's hand came along, and unwilling that his rival should enjoy happiness so delicious, pointed a pistol at the head of the accepted one, with the double intention of putting an end to his happiness and his life. At this stage of the proceedings the lover wakes up, and not relishing the idea of a pistol being levelled at his head, grasps the weapon from the hand of his opponent, and thus escaped instant death. But the rejected one was not to be averted from his design so easily. After a violent grapple with his opponent he recovered possession of his pistol and lodged its contents in the body of the sleeping beauty, who immediately took her departure for "that bourne" where lovers as well as travellers are certain to abide, leaving the question of championship to be settled by the brace of aspirants on the green sward, then and there. To this succeeds a long catalogue of events, such as the escape of the terrible young man, his hot pursuit by some members of the Metropolitan Police force, who, as usual in such cases, are made to come up behind time, and the giving of the now inanimate remains of his once beautiful daughter into the hands of her father, a wealthy and respectable merchant, who has them removed for the purpose of burial. The above, together with a variety of other incidents, forms the burden of a narrative which is given with all the plausibility of truth. At this stage it of course becomes unnecessary for us to state that there is not the slightest truth contained in either of the above stories, but that both were gotten up with the twofold intent of creating an excitement, and of gratifying that morbid desire of reading narratives of calamity and blood, which has seized on the community lately. It was particularly clumsy and unauthor-like to have fixed on Staten Island as the scene of both those "Tales of City Life." The narrator of the first, we admit, had the "choice of ground," the second evinced a decided stupidity in seizing on the same locality, he should have selected some other, but equally convenient spot, as the scene of his absurdity.

"MURDER WON'T OUT."—It is a matter of perfect astonishment the facility with which murders of the deepest and most inhuman dye can be perpetrated in this city, and no clue ever obtained as to who or what the murderers are. It might be readily supposed, that in a city such as ours, swarming with an immense population, who are ever in motion, the slightest attempt at murder would be detected by some passer-by, but such, unfortunately, is proved not to be the case. In the present instance, Augustus T. Van Liew, a resident of No. 12 Hubert street, in the Fifth Ward of this city, leaves his residence for a few moments, about the hour of ten o'clock on Monday night, and before going out tells his wife he will bring her a bottle of porter on his return. He never returns alive, and the next that is known of him is, that his lifeless body, covered over with blood, is discovered by a colored woman at the corner of Canal and Mercer streets. A coroner's investigation is set on foot next day and numbers of witnesses examined, but all to no material result, as the question of the murder remains as deep and impenetrable as its perpetrators could desire.

CLEANING BROADWAY.—An organization styling itself the "Broadway Association," composed of residents and persons doing business in that street, has been formed, for the purpose of keeping it properly cleansed and in good condition.

PANIC AT A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—At the exhibition attached to the school of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fifteenth street, on the evening of Wednesday of last week, an alarm of fire was raised in consequence of a lighted candle falling from one of the chandeliers and setting fire to some muslin on the altar. Some of the children cried "fire," when the remainder rushed from their seats in the wildest and most tumultuous manner. A great number of grown persons (parents and friends of the children) were also present, who, instead of allaying, only added to the general confusion. Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Ryan, the pastor, with the assistance of some two or three persons, succeeded in putting out the flames. We are happy to be enabled to state that, notwithstanding the extreme fright and excitement displayed by the audience, no person was injured. This rushing out frantically on the least alarm of fire is highly improper and dangerous. In the instance before us, the accident was of itself trivial and easily remedied; it became only necessary for the audience to remain quietly where they were, and not subject themselves to the danger of being trampled or crushed to death, in consequence, of their inordinate excitement and want of thought.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE FOR NEW YORK.—A large number of citizens belonging to the fifth and eighth wards of this city, assembled at the Fifth Ward Hotel to adopt measures relative to the death of Augustus T. Van Liew, and to organize a Vigilance Committee in this city similar to that formerly in California. A resolution was also passed offering a reward of one thousand dollars for the arrest of the murderer, and likewise requesting the Mayor to offer a suitable reward for the same purpose. We do not believe in either the necessity or utility of a Vigilance Committee for New York at present. The authorities still possess both power and means to bring offenders to justice. Vigilance Committees, at best, are but doubtful bodies. We think, therefore, our friends of the Fifth Ward meeting are premature with their remedy.

A MAMMOTH SEWER.—For the better drainage of this city a "Great Trunk Sewer" is now in process of construction, under the direction and supervision of the Croton Aqueduct Department. This immense sewer commences in Third avenue and Fifty-sixth street, runs thence through Fifty-third street to Second avenue, down that avenue to Forty-ninth street, and on to the East River. The contractor (Mr. Brown) expects to complete his work in the course of a few weeks, and for that purpose employs 150 men. The undertaking will cost, from first to last, some \$125,000, and will be of immense value to that portion of the city through which it is carried.

YELLOW FEVER.—Considerable alarm was created in this city and its vicinity lately on a report that Mr. Gross, a resident of Williamsburgh, had been stricken down by yellow fever. After a careful inquiry into the matter, however, it was ascertained that deceased fell a victim to bilious fever.

It has been truly said that there are "land sharks as well as water sharks." Two of the latter species were captured in the East River, quite convenient to the Fulton Ferry, on Thursday, the 8th ult., and immediately dragged on shore where they were measured, and found respectively to measure, the one 8 1-2 feet, the other 7 1-2 feet in length. Persons who indulge in bathing in the Hudson and East Rivers, should be cautious, lest they come in contact with gentry of this description, whom they will do well to bear in mind, possess capacious jaws and wide stomachs.

The Commissioners of Emigration had a meeting some days since, when it was agreed to pay thirty-eight thousand dollars to the other counties of this State, as their indebtedness for the care of emigrants who have been less than five years in the country. The Commissioners owe one hundred thousand dollars altogether on this score.

There was an increase in the number of beef cattle offered for sale last Market-day over that of the week previous. Prices ranged between 8 and 11 1-2 cents per lb., while in the case of a very superior lot 12 cents were readily obtained. In other stock there was no material change as regarded quality or price, from that of last Market-day.

Augustus T. Van Liew, the person found dead at the corner of Canal and Mercer streets, was interred on Thursday of last week, in Second street Cemetery. The rain fell heavily at the

time, but this did not prevent a large concourse of persons from assembling at his late residence in Hubert street.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN KEATING, P. P., LOUGHGALL.—With feelings of the sincerest regret we have received tidings of the death of this most estimable and amiable clergyman. Little more than six short weeks have elapsed since we saw him, in the apparent flush of health, assisting at the laying of the foundation stone of the new Catholic Church which the respected pastor of Stewartstown, the Rev. Peter Daly, is building at Coalisland. Father Keating was upwards of twenty-two years on the mission. He was a native of Dundalk, and received his education in the Irish College of Paris, where, though he distinguished himself with much *éclat*, he never had an envying rival, for all were his admirers and friends. On undertaking the ministerial duties in Ireland, and on being appointed to the parish church of Loughgall, he displayed all the zeal of a good priest, conscious of the solemnity of his mission, and now he has left it for his lamenting friends to boast for him, amid their tears, that four churches which he built during his mission are the grandest and holiest monuments that could perpetuate his memory.—*Ulsterman*.

BARBAROUS MURDER OF A MONK.—A horrible murder has been committed in the neighborhood of Adrianople. A monk was found drowned in the Foundry, near the bridge of Yaliniz Kenn. On examination of the body, by a medical man, it was clearly proved that the deceased had died from strangulation, and a large wound was also found in the lower part of the abdomen. The assassin is an old servant of the monk, and he had an accomplice in the commission of the crime. The monk had shared his dinner with the servant and complained of the latter, and when he was about to retire to rest, they rushed on him, and after strangling him, put the body into a sack and threw it into the river. Robbery was the motive for the crime. The servant being suspected was arrested, and being pressed with questions confessed his guilt.

THE POPE.—The Pope arrived at Modena on the 2nd July. A telegraphic despatch, received at Rome, states that the same day the Holy Father, after celebrating Mass in the Cathedral, and admitting the clergy and the religious corporations to pay their respects to him, gave his benediction to the Modenese troops from the balcony of the palace. The population are described as filled with enthusiasm for his Holiness. All the bishops of the duchy are assembled at Modena, as well as many other states. The health of the Pope continues excellent. The Pope left Modena on the 4th, and is now at Bologna.

ALL-HALLOW'S COLLEGE.—A public thesis, the first in Ireland since the "Reformation," was held, in All-Hallows College, by one of the young missionaries who aspired to the Doctor's degree, and who sent forth his challenge, as in days of old, to all who wished to contend with him in the intellectual strife. Dr. Cullen and several other of the Irish prelates were present on the important occasion; as were also Dr. Newman and the professors of the Catholic University. For two days the Rev. Michael Costello, the young warrior of the Church, combatted with great power against all present and won his crown.

ABERDEEN.—The Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul here gave a grand Soiree for the benefit of the poor, on Tuesday, 23d June, at half-past seven o'clock, in St. John's chapel, Lindsay street, where a large piece of adjacent ground has been purchased by the Aberdeen Catholics for the erection of a church. There were 800 persons present. The Right Rev. Bishop Kyle presided. It was a joyous evening, and well may those present have been delighted to see their amiable and learned bishop, with a train of venerable and talented priests, take his place on the platform.

Domestic.

DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. John Barry, Bishop elect of Savannah, took place in the Metropolitan Church, Baltimore, on Sunday last. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Richmond preached on the occasion.

The following scholastics of the Society of Jesus—Francis McAlee, Anthony Van den Heuvel, Edmund Young, James Robert Fulton, Joseph O'Callaghan, Robert Brady—received the sacred orders of Sub-Deaconship, Deaconship and Priesthood, from the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the College Chapel of Georgetown, on the 23d, 24th and 25th of July.

Fifty-two persons were confirmed in the Church of St. Peter, Capitol Hill, Washington, on Sunday, 26th ult., after the early Mass. Fifty-four were confirmed in the Church of St. Mary, Washington, before late Mass. A Bell was solemnly consecrated in the afternoon.

BISHOP O'CONNOR.—The last dates from our beloved Bishop are from Constantinople, to the 22d of June. His health has undergone no change since our accounts from him from Palestine. The Bishop expected to return to Rome about the middle of July. The Rev. T. S. Reynolds, of Birmingham, is still with him, and is in the enjoyment of good health.—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

On Sunday, the 19th ult., at Augusta, Ga., the corner stone of a new Church was laid by the Right Rev. John Barry, Bishop elect of the diocese.

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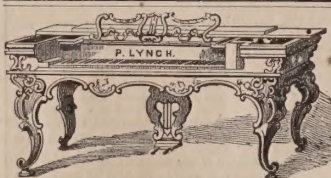
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